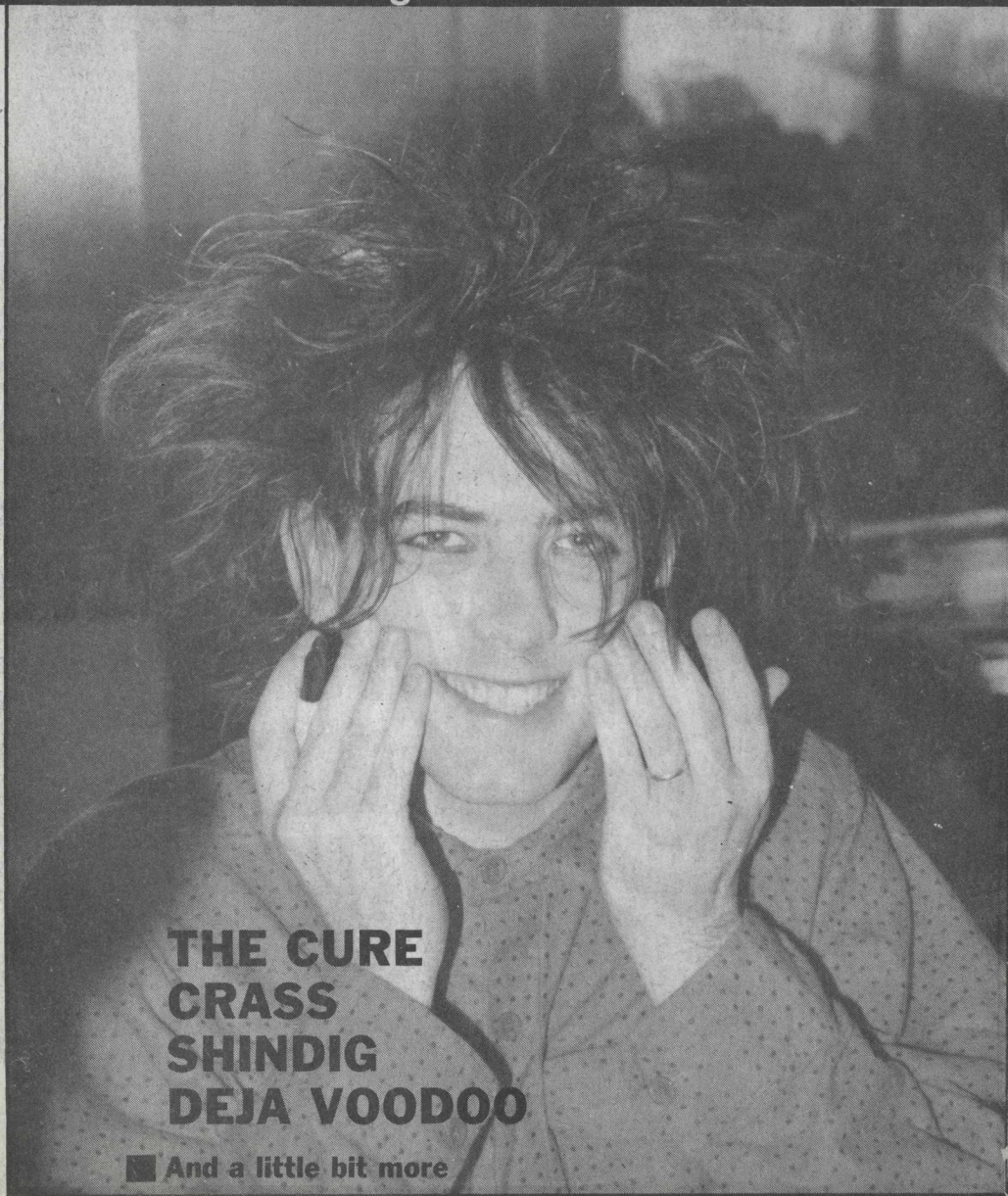


DISCORDER

November 1984

Vol. 2 No 10

A guide to CTR fm 102 cable 100



**THE CURE
CRASS
SHINDIG
DEJA VOODOO**

■ And a little bit more

YOU ARE ENTERING
ANOTHER DIMENSION..
..A DIMENSION OF
POWERFUL SOUND
AND AMBIENT
VISUALS...YOU
ARE ENTERING
THE DANCE
VIDEO ZONE

Luvafair



1275 SEYMOUR

NON MEMBERS ONLY

685-3288

DISCORDER is a monthly paper published by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. **DISCORDER** provides a guide to **CITR Radio**, which broadcasts throughout the Vancouver area at FM 101.9.

CITR transmits its 49-watt signal from Gage Towers on the UBC Campus. For best reception be sure and have an antenna attached to your receiver. For those of you with persistent reception problems, **CITR** is also available on FM cable at 100.1 in Vancouver, West Vancouver, North Vancouver, Burnaby, Richmond, Coquitlam, Port Coquitlam, Marple Ridge and Mission.

DISCORDER is distributed throughout the Vancouver area. Enquiries about advertising in **DISCORDER** or distributing free copies of **DISCORDER** at a new location can be made by calling 228-3017. General **CITR** business enquiries or information about renting the **CITR Mobile Sound System** is also available at 228-3017. The request line is 228-2487 or 228-CITR.

Editor: Chris Dafoe **Program Editor:** Val Goodfellow
Advertising: Harry Hertscheg

Layout: Ball in a China Shop Layout Inc.

Photography: Dave Jacklin, Ian Warren, Bill Jans, Robert Van Acker
Contributors: Dean Pelkey, Mark Mushet, Mike Dennis, Julia Steele, Kandace Kerr, Jeff Kearney, Theresa Henry, X. Fildebrandt, Bill Mullan, Krista Hanni, Steve Robertson, Ammo Fuzztone, Linda Scholten, Pat Carroll, Rob Simms, Larry Theissen, CD, Dave Ball

DISCORDER

**AVAILABLE FREE
AT OVER 100 LOCATIONS**

DOWNTOWN

A & A Records & Tapes
Arts Club on Seymour
Black Market
Bronx Clothing
Camouflage Clothing
Check-Out Clothing
Collector's R.P.M. Records
Concert Box Offices
Duthie Books
The Edge
F-451 Books
Faces
The Gandydancer
Kelly's Electronic World
Luv-A-Fair Cabaret
MacLeod's Books
Montgomery Cafe
Odyssey Imports
Railway Club
Studio Cinema
Vancouver Ticket Centre
The Web Clothing
Whittaker's On Seymour

GASTOWN

Afterimage Photo Service
Basin Street
BeBop Beatwear
Cabbages & Kinx Clothing
Deluxe Junk Clothing
Firehall Theatre
Golden Era Clothing
Minus Zero Leather Works
Pow-Wow Clothing
Reptile Leather
Re-Runs Recycled Apparel
The Savoy Nightclub
Sissy Boy Clothing
Smilin' Buddha Cabaret
Video Inn
The Waterfront Corral
Zeet Records & Tapes
ZZ...on Water
ZZ...West

WEST END

The Bay Theatre
Bayshore Bicycles
Breeze Record Rentals
Camfari Restaurant
Denman Market
Downtown Disc Distributors
English Bay Book Co.
Little Sister's Book & Art Emporium
Manhattan Books & Magazines
Melissa's Records & Tapes
Pizzario's

POINT GREY

A Piece of Cake
Cafe Madeleine
Dunbar Theatre
Duthie Books
Frank's Records & Books
University Pharmacy
Varsity Theatre
Video Stop
The Video Store
West Point Cycles

KITSILANO

Bill Lewis Music
Black Swan Records
Broadway Records & Tapes
The Comicshop
Deluxe Junk Clothing
Hollywood Theatre
Lifestream Natural Foods
Long & McQuade
Neptoon Collectors' Records
Octopus Books
Ridge Theatre
Scorpio Records
The Side Door Pub
Videomatica
X-Setters Select Used Clothes
Yesterdays Collectables
Zulu Records

EAST SIDE

A & B Sound - Car Stereo
Bikes On Broadway
Changes Consignment Clothing
Collector's R.P.M. Records
Highlife Records & Music
Iggy's
Kelly's Electronic World (Oakridge)
Memory Lane Records
Neptoon Collectors' Records
New York Theatre
Octopus Books East
Roxie Theatre
Vancouver East Cinema
Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Western Front Lodge

NORTH SHORE

A & A Records & Tapes
(Park Royal)
Kelly's Electronic World
(Park Royal)
Sam the Record Man
(Capilano)
Deep Cove Bike Shop

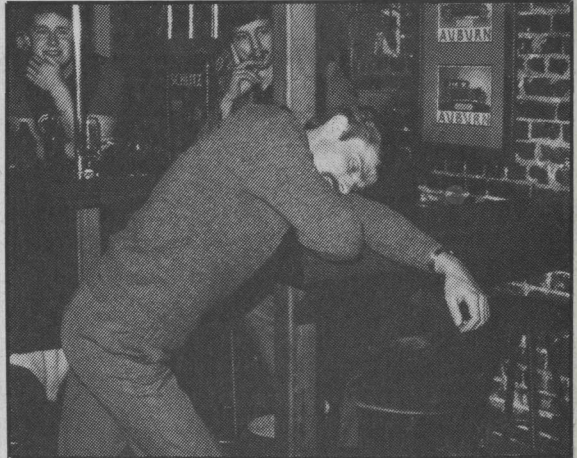
RICHMOND

A & A Records & Tapes
Cubbyhole Books
Paul's Music Sales & Rentals
Sam the Record Man

DISCORDER

November 1984 Vol. 2 No. 10

Robert Van Acker



**The Agony and the Ecstasy of
watching Shindig**

...IN THIS ISSUE FEATURES

- SHINDIG** 11
CITR's musical extravaganza rounds out its second month, with the Observer in tow.
- CRASS** 12
Bits of Black Tape plumbs the depths of the UK's most controversial band.
- DEJA VOODOO** 15
CD steals a moment with Montreal's musical madmen.
- THE CURE** 18
Dean Pelkey gets his claws into those enigmatic Lovecats.

REGULARS

- AIRHEAD** 4
- THNCK** 6
- BUNKER BEAT** 8
- LIVE** 11
Julia swallows the bitterest P.I.L.
- CITR PROGRAM GUIDE** 20
- DEMO DERBY** 24
More music from the basement. Big Dummy investigates.
- VINYL VERDICT** 25
New music from Talking Heads, U2, Soul Asylum, Bowie, and more...
- SHINGLES** 28
- THE ROVING EAR** 30
Grant Burns reports from Calgary.

Cover: Robert Smith of the Cure: Photo Bill Jans



AIRHEAD

c/o CTR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Dear CTR,

What the fuck has happened!?

Over the last month or so your DJs have undergone a completely disgusting transformation. They seem to have become second rate DOC HARRIS types. It seems as though every time I turn on my radio I hear some jerk saying, "Less Talk More Rock," or "...On The R...", or "You're with the Doctor," or some other idiotic phrase. Don't get me wrong, I'm the first one to laugh at a joke, but jokes have lifetimes and once they're dead they're no longer funny; just plain irritating.

Here are some of the names I hear over and over again, "Reg the Veg," "Captain Ned," "The Doc," "Uncle Rick Thompson," "The Kid," "The Girl," "The Bird," and "Rockin' Dale." There are more which temporarily slip my mind. I have also noticed that the aforementioned hypsters are on the radio much more than say, once a week. For example, the one called "The Kid" has been on several times per day and over the weekend seems to have been on every single day since Friday. He is a particularly annoying cretin as he somehow combines CFOX jerkness with CKLG slimeyness.

Why has this happened all of a sudden? Has the DJ director recently been recruited from CFUN? Has your program manager become lazy and decided to stop screening DJs? Or, is this a forced move towards a commercial radio licence? If it is, which is my best bet, it is disgusting! In the past CTR has always stood for a pure idealistic approach to radio. Selling out has to be the worst thing you could possibly do. I must, however, give you the benefit of the doubt but all indications are not in your favor.

Yours, (a soon to be ex-) fan
Richard Lee

P.S. I'm not the only one who thinks this, many of my friends have voiced similar dissatisfaction with your new jocko homo policy.

You wouldn't believe how it happened. The doorbell rang here at the station, and when we opened the door, in poured hordes of corpulent, middle-aged potatoeheads with moustaches and shag haircuts. The fact that they were all wearing identical powder blue jackets seemed to indicate that they belonged to the same counter-terrorist radio station. Their leader kept shouting something about ratings being way down. The rest of them were talking so fast that we couldn't understand a word except for "countdown" (which happened to be about every third word). Anyway, they herded us into a little room and locked the door. That was almost a month ago and we're still in here. When we get hungry they slip a few gourmet burger coupons under the door which, of course, taste terrible and get stuck between our teeth. I hope we get sprung soon because the air is getting awful stale and my fellow inmates seem to have this strange gleam in their eyes whenever they look my way.

Dear Airhead,

As an avid local music enthusiast and human of respectable intelligence, I was embarrassed and dismayed to read the SHINDIG commentary (October issue).

In this article of approximately 56 written lines there were 19 direct references to alcohol intake. According to my calculator, that's less than every three lines that this so-called "Observer" felt it necessary to stress that he or she has attained drinking age.

Now I know that any Battle of the Bands should not be taken too seriously, but I think this sort of juvenile journalism makes a mockery of any inherent artistic merit.

Why pollute the pages of Vancouver's only DISORDER with boorish pap?

A Reader

P.S. Why weren't all three contending bands pictured?

Dear Chris,

Picked up a DISORDER today. I must compliment you on "Marv Newland the Animated Man." You stuck to the facts and still made the article interesting. Your prose style is clean, to the point, and paced well.

I only had to stop reading twice to wipe the drool from my chin and shirt front.

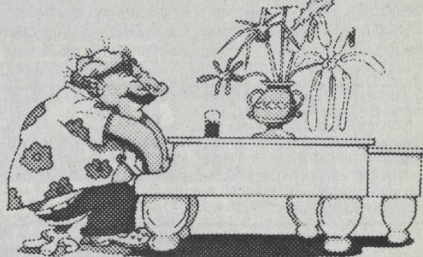
Please advise your photo department that they ran, instead of a photo of me, a very bad picture of Ed "Kookie" Byrnes.

Keep the Gabby Pahinui interviews coming on CTR.

Please do not resist the inevitable lawsuit that my legal department has advised me to carry out against: DISORDER, CTR, you, Ed "Kookie" Byrnes, and anyone who reads your interview mentioned above.

Yours truly
Marv Newland

Sorry Marv. Hope we can make some amends by running this picture of you from your cameo in "Sing Beast Sing."



"Food for Thought"

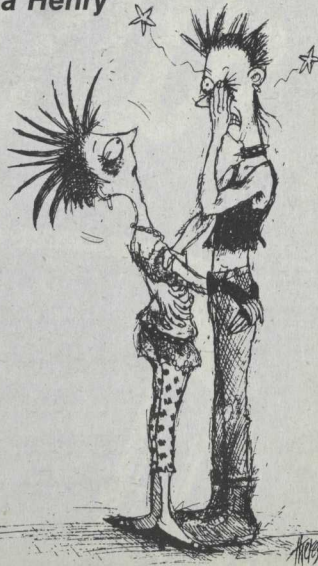
I am just one of surely many who believe CTR to be one of the best things to ever happen to Vancouver music. My one beef, however, is with the way many of the DISORDER contributors are allowed to "HIDE" behind cute little aliases (i.e. The Observer, etc.) when signing off their pieces. I believe this to be an open invitation to irresponsible journalism. If someone has something to say, they should at least be willing to stand up to it!!!

Otherwise, keep up the great work!

Gerry Nishi

Hey, who're you calling irresponsible, eh? Take it back or we'll beat the shit out of youse...or maybe we'll just sue you(se). By the way, do you want any gourmet burger coupons...or maybe some free Bryan Adams tix?

Theresa Henry



♥ Romantic problems punks might encounter

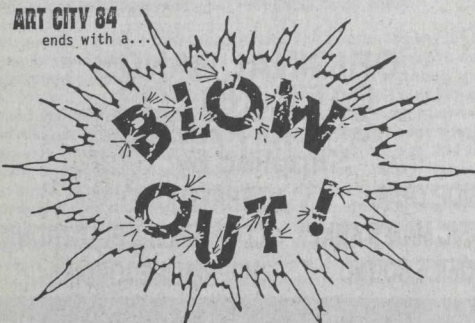
WAREHOUSE SHOW

Local Contemporary Art
November/84

12pm-8pm/Wednesday-Sunday
522 Beatty Street, Vancouver, B.C.

Building
provided by
Enroute Travel Ltd

ART CITY 84
ends with a...



FRIDAY - NOVEMBER 30th - 8 pm
GRANDVIEW LEGION HALL - 2205 Commercial (+ E. 6th)

I, BRAINEATER JAZZMANIAN DEVILS
BEVERLY SISTERS MACBOOTY BROTHERS
ANDREW JAMES PATTERSON HANDSOME NED + THENSOME
The UNDERTAKERS SHEA MAN DISCO
INSTALLATIONS PRESENTATIONS

DRESS - FLUORESCENT!

The Evening of ART, MUSIC, PERFORMANCE, + DANCE

TICKETS - \$7.00 available at:

WESTERN FRONT
VIDEO INN

The WAREHOUSE SHOW
PITT INTERNATIONAL GALLERIES

HIGHLIFE RECORDS
ZULU RECORDS

ART CITY 84

CENTRE CULTURAL COLUMBIEN

785 West 8th Avenue 874-0105
October 11-November 15
Pamela Hollnutt
Paintings
November 22-December 20
Jasna Gilardino/Louise Ru x o
Paintings

WESTERN FRONT

303 East 8th Avenue 876-9343
October 31-November 24
Carole Itter
Sculpture
November 9-8pm
Vancouver Filmmaker Program
MacLeod, Bultenhuys, Gossard, Lipskik,
Rimmer, Coomins, et al
Oral

CONTEMPORARY ART GALLERY

506 Broadway 682-1345
October 21-November 24
Thema
Graduate Exhibition
November 21-8pm
Panel Discussion "Out of the Universities"

WAREHOUSE SHOW

522 Beatty Street 752-6783
November 8-30
Wednesday-Sunday 12-9 pm
Opening Thursday 3-7-11pm

CANADIAN CENTRE

400 West 1st Street 3rd Flr 665-0000
November 4-29
Linda New
Paintings
November 5-8pm
Tupperware Party

PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL GALLERIES

100 West 1st Street 651-6740
November 5-8pm
Grand Public Opening
November 5-December 1
Many Drawings": A Group Exhibition
November 5-December 1
Oral
"Just Pretty Pictures"
Photographs

FIREHALL THEATRE

280 East Cordova Street 689-0891
November 5-30
Lysa Lemieux
Installation
October 30, 31-November 2, 3, 4, 8-30 pm
Vancouver Dance Week
October 31 and November 3 2-4 pm
Dance Dialogue
November 9-30 8-30 pm
"Extremities" A play about rape

COBURG GALLERY

314 West Cordova Street 2nd Flr 688-0886
November 7-24
"Sertori"
Photographs: Brooks, Birnbaum, Barry, Ess,
Beckman, Gordon
November 28-December 15
Henri Robitseau
Photographs
November 4
Bill Scherbrucker
Gladys Hindmarch
Reading
November 11
Robert Holliston, Piano
David Fabey, Violin
Misha Bodner-Horton, Cello
November 18
Alicia Priest
Collin Browne
Reading
November 25
Don Duick, Flute
Diana Kemble, Piano
All Performances at 8pm

OPEN STUDIOS

November 12-24, Tues-Sat. 12-5 pm
Opening November 12-8pm
Mark Grealy
"Pantheon Series"
839 Beatty Street
November 5-16 Wed-Sun 1-7 pm
Opening November 5-8pm
Lorna Mulligan, Liz Scully, Jill Weaving,
Sharyn Yuen
"4 Corners"
36 Powell Street 2nd Flr 687-3296
November 9-10-11, 16-17-18, 23-24-25
Friday 8-10 pm Saturday/Sunday 1-4pm
Georgina Chappell
680 East 46th Avenue 321-5312
November 22 and 29 3-6 pm
November 24-December 1 1-4 pm
Nomi Kaplan
1756 West 14th Avenue 733-4098

NEOARTISM

360 West 8th Avenue 736-1555
November 7-25
Ladislav Gutman
Paintings

PRESENTATION HOUSE

333 Chesterfield Avenue N. Van. 966-1001
Until November 4
Margaret Randall
"Photos From Nicaragua"
Until November 4
Deliberations: Arranged Images in
Photography
November 8-December 2
"Photo Perspectives '84"

E=Mc2

430 Homer Street 686-2963
November 9-21
Women x 9-21
Toben, Latremouille, Follows, Rhine,
Goldberg, Wade, Varney, Moiseiwitsch,
Leszczynski, Plewman
November 23-December 12
Joe Average
Paintings/Drawings

VANCOUVER WOMEN IN FOCUS

Suite 204-456 West Broadway 872-2250
November 16, 17, 18
"A Different Face"
Films and Videos by Women
Robson Square Media Centre
800 Hornby Street
10am-11pm
Workshops:
Quebec Women Filmmakers
Media and Native Culture
Black Women Filmmakers
872-2250 for info to

VIDEO INN

261 Powell Street
November 17-24
"Videos"
Local Video tapes since October '83

VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC SOCIETY

November 18-8pm
Kronos Quartet: Avant-Garde Strings
Vancouver East Cultural Centre
December 2-8pm
Salvador Ferreras and Paul Dresher
Two solo performances
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

MALASPINA PRINTMAKERS

688-1827 for info
November 20-December 1
Malaspina Printmakers Society Annual
Members Show
at Federation Artists Gallery
367 Water Street

MUSICITY AT WESTERN FRONT

303 East 8th Avenue 876-9343
November 23-8pm
Courage of Lassie
November 24-8pm
Eric Wyness/Alex Varty
November 25-8pm
Doug Schmidt
November 27-8pm
Cassation Group
November 28-8pm
Gerald Jupiter-Larson/Lyn Vasey
November 30-8pm
Heteromites

BLOWOUT '84

688-1450 for info
November 30-8pm
Jazzmanian Devils, I. Braineater, The
MacBooty Bros, Handsome Ned &
Thensome, Beverly Sisters, Andrew James
Patterson
Grandview Legion Hall
2205 Commercial Street (at 6th Ave)

(N)ON COMMERCIAL GALLERY

1011 Commercial Drive 251-6007
November 6-17th
Randy Anderson
Todd Davis
Opening November 6-8pm
November 20-December 1
Group Show: Women Artists For Battered
Women Support Services
Opening November 20-8pm

CONVERTIBLE

40 East Cordova St. 686-7405
November 21-December 8
Paper Wong installation

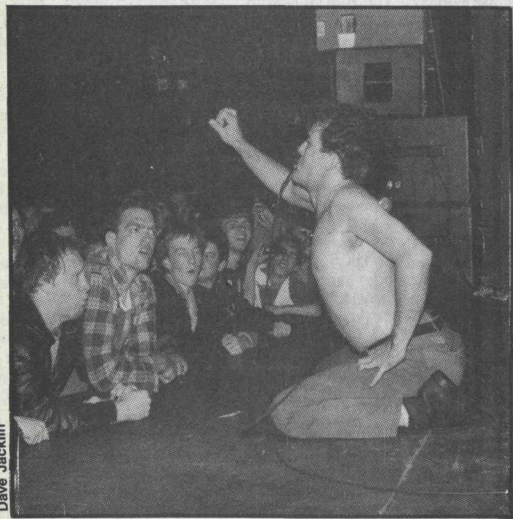
PAPER FAIR '84

Robson Square Media Centre
800 Hornby St.
November 20-24, 12-9 pm

THNCK

of the night

...after THE CURE we were feeling a brand new clean, that tingling sensation sometimes known as contact high, when the band seeps off the stage and the mob commences to unglue its constituent parts...those diehard consumers who found themselves on The Mall after the gig quickly separated into the John Barley's camp and the Luv-A-Fair camp. The former must have been disappointed that only half of L.A.'s 45 GRAVE showed up; the latter camp may have been pissed off to be turned away due to a new anti-leather door policy...as ROBERT SMITH might have said himself, "c'est la meme chose"...those of us without the power of pecuniary expression had a more limited choice—Billy Barker's pad or a tete-a-tete at the Plaza (where Jill was counting tetes and Paul Digs and Chris Crud were recounting their adventures at the Commodore), slam dancing and boosting each other above the pogoing mob's heads, nearly getting their pants torn off in the process...much to the amusement of THE CURE's guitarists, which raises the specter of Jock Rock in a new way...a couple of nights earlier, JELLO BIAFRA had a few caustic words to say on this subject, when the DEAD KENNEDYS played the



Dave Jacklin

New York Theatre...my favourite songs of theirs included "Jockarama" and "MTV Get Off the Air"...the styles of two lead singers and the lyrical content of their songs could not have been more different—Smith barely even looked at the audience, while Jello was always taunting, confronting and jumping into the crowd. In "Charlotte Sometimes" Smith intones in his very sexy and private way, "sometimes I'm dreaming while all the other people dance," while Jello delivers a diatribe about the dead football hero whose coach praises him for "giving his all," then he scolds one teeny punk for "using your fists—big deal!" The DK's sound and the all-ages policy at the York gig prompted a frenzy of stage-jumping quite invigorating to us faded rockers; voyeuristic vicarious thrills. Jello must have the patience of a saint, or the concentration of a kamikaze pilot, not even twitching when the sportsponks jostle him in the middle of a song—and he's so cute with a stocking pulled over his head! Dumb question—342—what caused that sulphurous reek in the balcony? Gag me with a fire-cracker!...despite a sloppy performance from drummer DARREN, the DK's set rocked out and hundreds of partymakers stumbled down to BILLY BARKER's pad, where a few thrash bands wanked out, including the annual reunion of TART'N'HAGGIS, a unique case of overkill burlesque that's so stupid it's funny; JOEY SHITHEAD grabbed a mike

for awhile and traded insults with Barker and bassist PAUL MACKENZIE, along the lines of "you're so tight, etc..." which put those of us who were too drunk to find the stairs in an excellent mood for slam-type square dancing to canned Scotabillly till five a.m....and CONGRATULATIONS to LEN PESTER for surviving a messy operation by local scalpellers to remove a bloated ego or some other internal organ that nearly exploded. After a short convalescence, Len is back on his seat again, right next to the effigy of Guy Hawkes, who, rumour has it, people are paying five bucks a shot for tickets to watch HIS internal organs go kerblooie on the night of Nov. 5th. The location's a secret...and speaking of locations, Walt Disney productions has been giving local layabouts a shot in the arm, I mean wallet, to portray layabouts from Chicago fifty years ago. I finally got my chance to slit former Waterfront Club Manager AL HYLAND's ears from chin to chin with my bowie knife down on the NATTY GANN set under the Patullo Bridge—and missed! The guy swings a mean straight razor, so don't go trying to rip off his bread...also in the background at the HoBo camp were veteran Van, rockers ROBERT HARVEY and RANDY PANDORA...and I'm here to tell you the MIKE CLUB is NOT getting back together, despite their having a snappy little number in seven, count 'em, seveneighths time called SLIPPING OUT treading the CTR charts with the most obnoxious little guitar solo I've ever wanked in. It—it's kinda cute, so call the Request Line at 228-CITR right NOW and stand up for your rights...VIDEO INN really screwed up their telethon on Cable 10 TV by pulling STOKELY SEIP's hour-long compilation of V.I. library tapes off the air. Of course the INN is really sensitive to the censorship question since PAUL WONG's collaboration CONFUSED: SEXUAL VIEWS got yanked by ex-VAG director LUKE RUMBOUT. A statement delivered by a contingent of flustered feminists to the showing of the promo video Sept. 20 at the HELEN PITT GALLERY claims "some of the images and the promotional style would be considered offensive" which makes one wonder if, 1984 style, they are intending to edit the offensive material out of the Video Inn library. It's true, Stokeley and Samantha Hamernes looked pretty kinky and intimate in the promo clips and maybe it was this that the feminists who now run Video Inn "found an unacceptable representation of the centre...that stimulates...women"...I dunno, fifteen bucks is a bit steep, not that I wanna "promote divisiveness" but I like to be stimulated too, only I got one problem, and I was born with it.



PHOTO QUIZ: what nearly-famous Va. rocker posed for THNCK photog TIM TRYLINSKI in this get-up? Send your answers with a five-dollar bill and you'll receive postpaid a FREE copy of the band's latest record! Bi for now...your pal,

—Ammo Fuzztone



NOVEMBER

- 1 *Texas Swing with*
CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN
- 2-3 **DAVID RAVEN BAND**
- 5 **POWDER BLUES**
- 6 **SUNNY OKOSUN**
- TOWN PUMP**
- 66 Water**

JOHN BARLEYS

23 w cordova st
IN GASTOWN 669-1771

- Mon., Nov. 5 **WORK PARTY**
- Wed., Nov. 7 **FLYING UNDERCUPS**
with special guest
EUGENE SHADBOURNE
- Wed., Nov. 14 **MY THREE SONS**
with **THE FLUNKIES**
- Wed., Nov. 21 **FORM BY FIVE**
- Wed., Nov. 28 **RED HERRING**
with guests

No Cover 8:00-9:30 p.m.

BUNKER



Dear Mutants for Nuclear Re-Development:

1. **Peter Gabriel - Peter Gabirel (1980)**

The perfect album for the post-bomb world. Dark, depressing, paranoid, and best of all, the cover looks like Gabriel has seen the Earth circa 2000 A.D.

2. **King Crimson - Starless and Bible Black**

Crimson may be one of the most pretentious rock bands in the history of music but some pretensions are earned (thanks Robert Christgau). Robert Fripp is a truly monumental guitar player and his band is right in tune with his ideas on this disc.

3. **Brian Eno - Another Green World**

With all respects to Enola Gay, this Eno one is his true classic. Eno has a loopy sense of humour that leads to the bizarre but he is also a Romantic in touch with beauty.

4. **XTC - Black Sea**

Every tune on this album is a minor classic, from Respectable Street through to Travels in Niholon. I'm sure one day XTC will be the band to write the perfect pop song (Living Through Another Cuba comes close).

5. **Gang of Four - Entertainment**

Maybe in the year 2000 people will listen to "5:45" and wish guerrilla war struggles were only entertainment seen on the 6:00 news, where they are nice and removed from reality. This is a great record to blitz to. Blamo!

6. **Stravinsky - The Rite of Spring**

This one caused a riot in 1913 and it still seems radical today. Loud, brutal and primeval—if it wasn't for this disc the world of music might have been a lot tamer in the past fifty years.

7. **The Beatles - Abbey Road**

Any list of ten greats that leaves off the Beatles is very incomplete. I particularly love Side 2 on which all the songs kind of melt together in beautiful nonsense.

8. **The Residents - Duck Stab/Buster and Dan**

"Avant-pop terrorists" says Rolling Stone, and I believe them. These loonies play a very demented brand of pop (sort of mutant rock) and I could not live in the bunker without listening to "Bach is Dead" or "Lizard Lady."

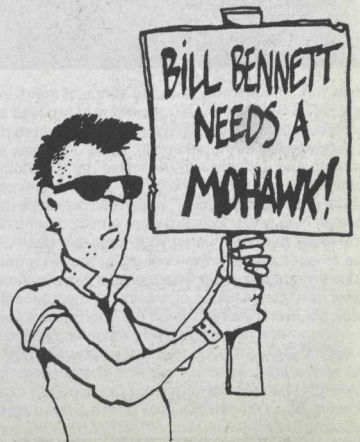
9. **Popul Vuh - Hossana Mantra**

This German band plays a very quiet and ethereal style of music that is very restful without becoming Muzak. This would remind me of the beauty that once existed on Earth.

10. **Pindrichi - The Passion of Jesus Christ According to Saint Luke**

This is my personal favorite sacred music piece. A bleak yet passionate outcry of despair with a ray of hope. Very apt for the post-bomb world.

Rocket Ronny
(a.k.a. Steve Gibson)



BEAT

1. **Led Zeppelin - Houses of the Holy**
I don't give a damn what anyone says—this album is a classic. Period.
2. **Wire - 154**

A truly awesome collection of well-produced British punk. The lyrics are guaranteed to double your vocabulary overnight.

3. **Pink Floyd - Ummagumma**

Here is something from the Woodstock era that is truly stranger than being cooped up in a bunker for 15 years with 10 of your favorite albums. The theme song: "Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together in a Cave" (=Bunker) and "Grooving with a Pict."

4. **The Lords of the New Church**

A beautifully recorded British punk album that will make you jump up and down and scream and yell and stuff.

5. **Queen II**

This is some of the finest music ever recorded on vinyl. Even if you hate Queen, this album is really worth a listen—LOUD. They still had long hair then.

6. **Iron Maiden**

Nobody knows this album exists! It's truly a heavy-metal gem—much better than the commercial stuff they're playing now, and good ol' "Eddie" on the front cover was never more lovable. Bang your Head!

7. **Mott the Hoople - Mott**

Ian Hunter's powerful Mott really show off on this old classic. It's only available in import shops, but well worth the price.

8. **Yes - Going For The One**

One of the most intricate pieces of work this band has ever done. Even the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra would be impressed.

9. **Riot - Fire Down Under**

Super-duper heavy-metal that doesn't make you sick after three plays.

10. **The Dead Kennedys - Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables**

I'll have to agree with Gord Badanic, President of CITR. This is fun tunes.

Thanks for reading this, It was fun to do.

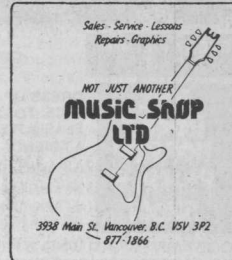
Martin Zander

NOT JUST ANOTHER MUSIC SHOP LTD.

PRESENT · THE · SECOND · ANNUAL

Wet Coast Music Festival

FEATURING A BAKER'S DOZEN!



* Rocrusa
* The Acoustics
* Fun With Numbers
* The Dilettantes
* White Lies
* My Three Sons
* Second Language
* Missing Link
* False Creek
* Bruno Gerussi's Medallion
* The Doctors
* And Two Special Guest Bands

▶ **FRI. NOV. 9** ◀

8 PM - 2 AM \$4 AT THE DOOR

▶ **SAT. NOV. 10** ◀

1 PM - 6 PM 6 PM - 8 PM 8 PM - 2 AM
\$5 AT THE DOOR MUSIC SEMINAR \$4 AT THE DOOR
(INCLUDES BUFFET) (FROM 6 PM - 2 AM)

PACKAGE TICKETS \$10 FOR BOTH DATES. AVAILABLE AT THE WATERFRONT, 686 POWELL ST., OR NOT

JUST ANOTHER MUSIC STORE, 3938 MAIN ST. PHONE 877-1866

* TOTAL ECLIPSE PRODUCTIONS • 255-8924 *

DESIGN: THE SILVER BALL

UBC Students for Peace and Mutual Disarmament and AMS Speakers present:

DR. HELEN CALDICOTT



"STOP THE NUCLEAR MADNESS"

MONDAY NOV. 26th 8:00 pm

UBC WAR MEMORIAL GYM.

Tickets: \$5.00 Students, O.A.P.
\$6.00 General

for further information:
734-2715

Available from AMS Box Office,
all Vancouver Ticket Centre and
Concert Box Office outlets

Childcare provided

THE UNIVERSITY OF B.C.

FREDERIC WOOD THEATRE

LAST CHANCE for 1984/85 Play Season Tickets

NOVEMBER 7-17

TWELFTH NIGHT

Directed by Pamela Hawthorn

JANUARY 16-26

THE IMAGINARY INVALID

Directed by Mavor Moore

MARCH 6-16

HAPPY END

a musical directed by
Arne Zalsove

Information & Reservations
228-2678

RIDGE ★ THEATRE ★

Arbutus
& 16th

PHONE
738-6311

BEST FILM

1984 festival of festivals

In the middle of the night,
when there's no one else...

Choose Me

a serious comedy

with

Keith Carradine
Genevieve Bujold
Lesley Ann Warren
Rae Dawn Chong

7:15 & 9:30

(MATURE) Some coarse language
Occasional suggestive scenes

EVERY FRIDAY MIDNIGHT

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ... IT'S ABOUT THIS STRAIGHT COUPLE (JANET & BRAD) WHO STUMBLE ACROSS THIS TRANSYLVANIAN CASTLE. IT WAS THEIR LUCKY NIGHT. DR. FRANK-N-FURTER (TRANVESTITE SCIENTIST) WAS THROWING A PARTY. ALONG THE WAY THEY MET RIFF RAFF (HANDYMAN), MAGENTA (A DOMESTIC), COLUMBIA (A GROUPIE), AN OLD FRIEND DRIVES IN DR. EVERETT V. SCOTT (A RIVAL STRAIGHT SCIENTIST). ROCKY-HORROR (MUCH MUSCLE. HOWEVER A FEW BRICKS SHORT OF A FULL LOAD: FRANK-N-FURTER CREATION) & EDDIE (EX-DELIVERY BOY & LEATHER BIKER WHO RIDES THE REAL HARLEY.

THERE IS ALSO THE CRIMINOLOGIST (AN EXPERT) WHO IS NOT HEARD ALL THAT OFTEN. SORT OF YOUR TYPICAL GATHERING AT A VICTORIAN HOUSE PARTY. A CLASS ACT TO START OFF OUR FALL MIDNITE SERIES.

ADMISSION \$4.99

EVERY FRIDAY
MIDNITE

DRESS UP, BRING YOUR RICE, TOAST, CARDS, FLASHLITES, and A FRIEND.

All ages admitted.

BC Director warns:
A comic, musical
satire on sex.

MATURE

Midnight MOVIES

THE WHO
The Kids are Alright
(MATURE) NOVEMBER 3RD

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
HOLIDAY WEEKEND
FRI-SAT-SUN
NOV. 9, 10, 11

"THE FUNNIEST MOVIE EVER MADE ABOUT ROCK AND ROLL."
—Newsweek
Spinal Tap
NOVEMBER 17TH

Purple Prince
Rain (MATURE)
NOVEMBER 24TH

THE WHO
QUADROPHENIA
DECEMBER 1ST

C-FOX
fm-ninety-nine
99¢ FROM ALL MIDNITE SHOWS
ADMISSIONS GOES TO C-FOX CHILDREN'S FUND
ALL SEATS \$4.99

Sunday And Wednesday
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD
— THE MUSICALS — (GENERAL)
THE SOUND OF MUSIC
NOVEMBER 4 & 7
JULIE ANDREWS
CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER
— FRANCIS ZEPPELLE FROM
GIUSEPPE VERDI'S "LA TRAVIATA" Starring TERESA STRATAS
PLACIDO DOMINGO CORNELL MACNEIL
La Traviata NOVEMBER 11 & 14
NOVEMBER 18 & 21
Yul Brenner • Deborah Kerr
"THE KING AND I"
NOVEMBER 25 & 28
WEST SIDE STORY
"BEST PICTURE"
Winner of 10 Academy Awards

STUDENTS \$3.50
(WITH CARDS INC. UBC)
BARGAIN MATINEES
ALL SEATS \$2.00
VANCOUVER'S NEW.
INDEPENDENT
DOWNTOWN CINEMA
AT
GRANVILLE & SMYTHE

Studio Cinema

INFO CALL 681-1732

TAMAHNOUS THEATRE
presents**The Real Talking****People Show***

*Every Word Guaranteed Overheard

Directed by Larry Lillo

Nov 2-Dec 1

Vancouver East Cultural Centre

1895 Venables Street

254-9578

This is

**Video Pic of the Month****ALTERNATIVE TOP TEN VIDEOS**

Repo Man
Christiane F
U2 Live at Red Rocks
Cars: Heartbeat City
Liquid Sky
Best of Mary Hartman
Aquirre, Wrath of God
Jubilee (British Musical)
Return of Martin Guerre
Kate Bush Live

FOREIGN • CLASSICS • MUSIC • CULT**• VIDEO • MATICA •**

SALES

RENTALS

1829 WEST 4TH AVE. AT BURRARD 734-0411

I guess I shouldn't have been overjoyed during *Happy Hour* at the Savoy. They saw fit to cut me off at the bar...Perrier, hold the rocks. The Observer shouldn't be blind-drunk (or so Denny Boyd told me).

SHINDIG!

The October 1st SHINDIG at the Savoy was the best SHINDIG so far. Procedures for Approval were hot, lotsa people danced, **Beau Monde** kept the beat going, but **Red Herring** had the hottest set of all as they won themselves a trip to the finals on December 10th.

October 8th saw the annual no-contest night when **Go 4 Three** played with **Pete Moss** and **The Special Sauce** and **Bill of Rights**. Another full house...is it true "the sauce" drowned the other bands? Nahh!

By the way...who sez Billy Barker spends a good chunk of his life drunk and the other part apologizing for it?

The contest resumed with **5th of November** on October 15th. Their pop laid-back sound contrasted only slightly with the three-piece **Ominous Cinema** sound—high energy, average performance, but weaker songwriting. The highlight of the night was **Eighth Day**, the winners of the night, a sort of T-Rex sound rock band.



My Three Sons

Robert Van Acker

October 22nd was another good night at the Savoy. **My Three Sons** opened...a seven-piece ensemble with two girls doing back-up vocals—but their set consisted of old, reliable covers filling in the gaps between so-so originals. **False Creek**, the most different band in the competition, played second. Their urban-folk sound didn't impress the judges enough, nor did the hard-core thrash sound of **The Spores**. **My Three Sons** went on to win round two, set two of SHINDIG II.

The third night of round two saw **Out of Proportion** beat **One Fell Swoop** and **gizmo**. **One Fell Swoop** probably had the best songwriting and talent, but lacked energy. The Eric Clapton Clones **gizmo** cleared the bar.

All three round two semifinalists will have fan clubs out...no blood folks...this really is a friendly competition.

DISORDER

**WANTS
YOU!**



cartoonists
writers
artists

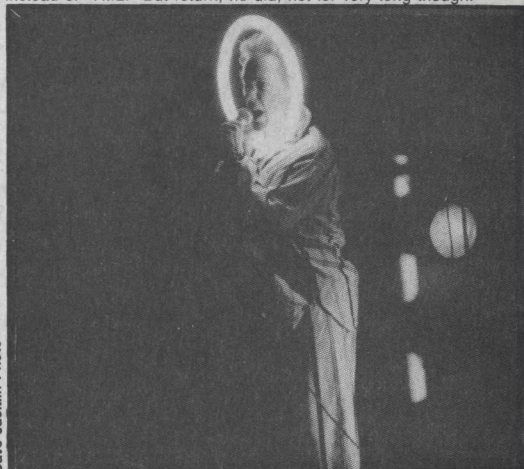
Not A Love Song

D.O.A. opened and they were hot. The set was tight and they played a lot of their best songs. One song that struck me as really great was "Frontier." But, who am I to spoil Ken Lester's glowing admiration of my D.O.A. reviews. What bothered me about this gig was when D.O.A. announced that one third of the world's population was starving (you could never tell by looking at them), while the rest of us were partying—"So let's wreck the party!" Gee guys, who got the chrome dipped chordless guitar for Christmas and who is selling T-shirts bought in bulk with D.O.A. slapped on them for THIRTEEN DOLLARS a crack?

Johnny Lydon was certainly larger than life. He picked his nose, spat, contorted his pyjama clad body in all sorts of strange, almost "Breakin'" positions, bugged his eyes out and held a large portion of the audience in the palm of his hand. He did all of this "and much, much more..." on a neat-o, glow in the dark, new wavo stage. He was equipped with a fog machine and an electric halo. Someone should buy one for Pope John. I'm sure he'd want one, in fact I want one. Anyway, the man's (Rotten's, not the Pope's) stage presence was incredible.

He was particularly great when he picked up his halo and sang "Religion." Johnny seems to have created his own religion—himself. The brutal, thick-necked Mining Engineers alias bouncers, looked out in awe at a crushing mass of people shaking their fists and singing along to a song that calls "Sin an eternal Hymn."

I felt sorry for all the people's hands he touched. I noticed he touched them with the same hand which he picked his nose with. But it was all part of his personal charm. He became even more charming when after about six songs he told the audience "I'll be drinking beer in the dressing room. If I hear you I might come back." And off he strutted. I thought he wouldn't come back, especially when the crowd chanted "D.O.A." instead of "P.I.L." But return, he did, not for very long though.



Dave Jacklin Photo

It was apparent that Johnny was having a good laugh at all of us. Then I looked at the crowd (myself included) dancing and getting all excited to the tune of "This is not a Love Song" and realized just how funny it must have appeared to Lydon. We were a bunch of thick Canadians jiving to a rubbishy fourth-rate song. When P.I.L. played "Bodies" (not "Anarchy in the U.K." or "The Greatest Rockin' Roll Swindle;" contrary to popular belief) Johnny must have had an even bigger guffaw at a bunch of people going wild over a song that was at least seven years old. But it was great anyway and it was the closest thing to the Sex Pistols Vancouverites will ever see.

P.I.L.'s music with the departure of Keith Levene, leaves something to be desired. Johnny has only himself and his fans left, and he is exploiting them for all they are worth.

Lydon could have sat on stage and sung nursery rhymes and still have had the audience in his pocket. He seems to be having the time of his life, charging people money to seem him be himself on stage. It is the swindle of a lifetime and he's getting away with it—for the moment.

Special Thanx to Ian and Andrea.

—Julia (The Griper)

WHAT IS THIS

CRASS

What is this CRASS I see before me
now?

Is it a record label
a band

a way of life?
(all of the above, second verse)

What be this CRASS I see before
me?

Are they a bunch of crazy-coloured
mohawked anarchists?

Or a serious socio-political musical
phenomenon

(Rock and Roll 100, course criteria
for music definition)

And what be this CRASS symbol?
And these album titles—godless,
blasphemous and hard to
remember?

And why can't I hear the words?
Is it nobler in the mind to be
political but inaudible

Or to be Clash-like, and become
politically melodious, mediocre
and rich?

And thus suffer the slings and
arrows of critical acclaim...

AAAAHHH read on, fair scribes and
audiophiles

as we peer between the liner notes
to unveil the inner life of CRASS

CRASS !!



021984





CRASS is more than just a British band that often finds themselves described as the "lords of anarchic punk." CRASS is also a record label and a way of life. Members of the band and friends live on a farm just outside London. They are strict vegetarians, practising anarchists, don't drink alcohol, and are deeply involved in political discussion and, more importantly, political action.

The band has five albums and a multitude of singles. Their albums don't often hit the Top Ten in England for a very good reason: they are usually banned the minute they hit the streets. Last month, for example, a London record shop keeper was fined for selling not only CRASS records, but also those by such bands as the Dead Kennedys. In Canada their music is probably known only to a small knot of hardcore fans and political activists, and it is almost as hard to find here as it is on the other side of the Atlantic. It takes a lot of dedication on the part of most people to sit down and listen to a single or an album by CRASS.

CRASS claims to have been around since before the Sex Pistols raised their snarling little brushcuts in the late 1970s. The members of the band were involved in folkie political bands before coming together as CRASS in 1978. The group had been synonymous with direct political action since coming together in the 1960s. They have done benefit gigs for squats, women's transition houses and safe shelters, anarchist centres and causes, anti-racist and anti-sexist organizations, and other political events. Their albums carry the economic warning that the record should cost no more than £2.50, even though you find the price jacked up to the normally extortionate North American import price in local record shops. CRASS have their own recording studio, and a huge distribution warehouse in London, as well as a printing press that cranks out newsletters, broadsheets and posters. All of this activity speaks not only a certain amount of financial security in the ability to own all of these functions collectively, but also a dedication to political theory in action. The only way to escape from music money domination is to own the means of production and distribution yourselves. For bands like CRASS, and those on the CRASS label, this means retaining artistic and political control, being able to choose the bands they want to record, playing where and what and when they want to play—and for whom. And, conversely, being banned in most record shops and on the radio. All of which makes CRASS somewhat outlawish.

"...it was the first time in years that young people seemed to be glamming onto something that was basically anti-authoritarian..."

With all of this one might expect CRASS to be your stereotyped slam-dancing punks, living in a run-down warehouse squat in London's East End. That's the picture Vancouver filmmaker Ian had when he visited CRASS last year.

Ian: "I was expecting a big old house with five or six punks living in it and stuff...I wasn't expecting anything different in the way they spoke and what their ideas were. I was just expecting that image, because you grow up on images and form images about everything. It was really

neat—we got off this bus right out in the English countryside, with the picture postcard kinds of pubs and shit, and I see her (Eve Libertine) come pedalling towards us, this woman on a bike with a semi-outrageous haircut. So we looked at each other and knew this was obviously the person who'd been sent to meet us. We would have been surprised if it wasn't because this wasn't the kind of village that was crawling with punks.

"Anyway, she meets us, real friendly, and takes us about two miles along this winding road to their house, which is right in the middle of these fields, beautiful little cottage with rose gardens, beautiful gardens growing vegetables, and buildings and shit. They're right on the edge of this farm, they've had it for years. Fairly typical sort of back-to-the-land types, a little more manicured than it would be here. And so we went out to the back yard and spent about eight hours talking.

"They look real normal. I said to one guy 'You look pretty normal to be in a punk band,' and he said, 'Yeah, I had a moderate spike job at

one point, but ah, fuck, I got sick of walking down the street and getting stopped by the police...I walk down King's Road and no one knows who I am. I'm in one of the most famous punk bands in the British Isles, probably the most famous punk band, certainly in Europe, and no one knows who I am.' And he says, 'I like it like that, you know, because I don't want people running around taking my picture and asking me how we got that guitar sound on the last record and shit like that.'

"But they publish little booklets of their lyrics and shit because they know a lot of people can't understand the words and they know a lot of people don't like the music that much. I guess they're more of a political entity than a band.

"They've been trying to do political things for years and years, and

"I got the sense CRASS were intelligent, coherent people who'd been living their politics for the past 20 years."

"They've been trying to do political things for years and years, and they were into music, I guess, and saw punk come along and it was the first time in years that a lot of young people seemed to be glamming onto something that was basically anti-authoritarian and had overtones of a radical nature, so they decided it was a way to reach people instead of just going the way they were going. So they just formed a band.

"They told me they got this tape sent to them by a Boston radio station, a university station, like a half hour compilation of their stuff, and they were really surprised that they were played in North America. They don't even deal with North America. They were distributed by some guy in Toronto and have a handshake agreement to be distributed by Rough Trade. When I told them that their albums were available in Canada they kind of laughed. 'Oh yea? Well, jeez.'

"That's why they don't play in North America either. Because it's a big rock star trip. They said they'd go to a town in Europe and the next day their albums would be double priced, because they'd played the night before. It would be a big rock star trip, you know, people'd be coming out to see the band instead of coming out to be part of the political things that would be happening.

"They're not interested in that, there's no point. It's not their obligation to appear as a band, and play along to that kind of bullshit that you read in magazines like Rolling Stone on how it's a band's obligation to play for their fans. They're there to make people think in England, which is their place, where they're trying to change things. If you can't change things in your own little village you aren't going to change things anywhere else. And that's where they're trying to change things, to get discussion going and that kind of shit."

But what if we don't want to play their stupid games? The authorities have plans for that too—the awkward ones get shot as subversives...

Subversives are what the whole thing is about. Subversives are people who want to change things. Having this record makes you a subversive. Women living outside men's rules are subversives.

more Crass

Anyone who's not supporting the generals and the government, the general and the government are against...State control is the name of the game...They also fear a rebellion to take their evil war-toys away. They're getting one..."

from the cover, Nagasaki Nightmare single
CRASS

With lyrics like that, it is little wonder that the British ruling elite isn't fond of CRASS and their musical accomplishments. Ian was told how the police often arrive at the CRASS door to deliver warrants, summonses and the like, usually for charges of obscenity against the latest CRASS release. He described how the first time the cops arrived they were in full riot mode, expecting a good drag-'em-out street battle. Instead, they were met at the door by a smiling middle aged woman, asking them if they'd like tea. Somewhat disarming...

Ian asked them what they knew of North American bands.

"They said they like Millions of Dead Cops (MDC) and after they met them they liked them even more. They talked about a Dutch band called Ex, a really good band, that they knew. The also mentioned a couple of Belgian bands. I asked them about the Dead Kennedys, and they didn't really know anything about them, just sort of said 'Yea. That's who MDC was here with, the Dead Kennedys. MDC sort of camped in our fields while the Dead Kennedys stayed in one of the big hotels in London.' Fun-ny enough I went down to Brixton two days later and went to this bookstore. Railton Road Books, and the woman who ran this bookstore, she thought MDC was just great, they stayed in her apartment and stuff, but the Dead Kennedys stayed in hotels, getting drunk and shit, kind of typical rock band kind of stuff while MDC were checking out squats and talking with people. I kind of got the impression that CRASS was saying okay—these guys are young and they're going to grow into their politics.

"CRASS always book their own halls, and they try to play small halls that will be accessible. They absolutely insist on controlling ticket prices, which is impossible as soon as you leave England because they have to go through managers. They've got a guy in Amsterdam and one in Northern Ireland—but you need guys like that in every city, and there just isn't a political net large enough to support that kind of organization.

"When they tour they take 2 or 3 other bands with them, and this filmmaker who shows neat films before and between the bands. While I was there I went to a Poison Girls' gig, and they were touring with something called the Cabaret of Fools, which was the band; a Rasta guy doing rap poetry; a gay comedian; a skinhead kind of guy who was the MC but who was really into doing political rap; and a white guy and a black woman who were kind of a music group that would do more folk type music, but with an edge to it. And that's the kind of thing that CRASS is into, to create more thinking. It's all political but it's all different kinds of stuff so all kinds of people will go there, right? Like when we were there, there were the punks up front, dancing and shit, but in the back there were all kinds of other people to see the other acts. So like a whole bunch of people came together and met together in a situation that they wouldn't do otherwise."

"Big A, little a, bouncing b
The system might have got you but it won't get me"

"Big A, little a"
CRASS

CRASS records and singles are available at extortionate prices in local import record shops.

And you can always call the station and request more CRASS...

FACEs

MON - WED 2 PM - 9 PM
THU - SAT 2 PM - 2 AM

ZOO HOURS 2 pm - 11 pm

FOR PRIVATE PARTIES CALL

6 8 8 6 5 1 6

RETURN FLIGHT

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

Presented By C-FOX & LG73



COME & SEE THEM LIVE AT

THE
QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE
NOVEMBER 11, 1984
8:00 P.M.

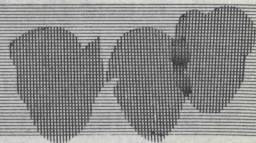
Tix: VTC/CBO & all usual outlets.

Info: 280-4411 Charge by Phone: 280-4444

Produced by Perryscope

WHITTAKER'S
*fully licensed
great food* **Jazz allée**
1055 Seymour St.
681-2927

Mon. & Thur. Jazz Nights
Fri. & Sat. Featured Artists
Sun. 4-11 p.m. Brazilian Band



DEJA VOODOO

On the road...



Ian Warren

By CD

Gerard Van Herk and Tony Dewald, the two who are Deja Voodoo, have come west from Montreal in a pink and white '59 Edsel with a cracked manifold. They are on a mission and they have brought along the tools of their trade—Van Herk's battered guitars, Dewald's cymbal-less drum kit, and bits and pieces of song and style from the scrapheap of American popular culture. They are here to spread the word of Sludgeability.

Sludgeability?

What the hell is Sludgeability?

"More than anything else, I guess, it's a bad attitude," laughs Van Herk. Dressed in a thrift store black suit and wearing a large black plastic tartaleta as a tie, Gerard looks like the unholy offspring of Buddy Holly and Lilli Munster. "The music itself involves stealing from blues, punk, country, R&B, garage rock, stuff, things, whatever we can pick up. It's not even a collage; it's a gumbo sort of thing where you just throw in everything, cook it up, and hope it tastes better than it did separately."

Van Herk isn't kidding or exaggerating when he says "stealing." Deja Voodoo are barefaced, unashamed musical larcenists. Not content to swipe a phrase here, a hook there, they lift huge chunks out of other people's songs and insert them in their own twisted compositions. Three lines from the Sonics 1964 hit "The Witch" and up in the middle of a song called "Voodoo Barbeque"; Lieber and Stoller contribute to "Monsters in My Garage" with a few lines from "Jailhouse Rock."

It had to happen: plagiarism as an art form.

"It's not plagiarism," insists Dewald, before being interrupted by his partner. "All rock 'n' roll is plagiarism," Gerard says. "It's true, we steal from all kinds of places, and we freely admit it. I think more people should admit it and do it better. At least we only take the good bits."

To be fair, Deja Voodoo are more than the cat-burglars of rock. They are also amusing company, nice to their parents, bilingual, and to top it all off, founders and big cheeses (les grand fromages) of OG records, home of some of Montreal's best underground bands. They are also the purveyors of a sound that may have to wait until the bomb drops to

...and into the gumbo.

become stuff of the top 40. It is the perfect music for the post-nuclear age. Supported by Dewald's insistent modern primitive drumming, Van Herk grinds out crude guitar riffs and...sings. Only you can't really call what Gerard does singing. He sounds like Johnny Cash on steroids. He

"...we steal from all kinds of places, and we freely admit it."

sounds like his vocal chords melted together in the initial blast. We're talking deep voice here, kids. There is no high end in the Sludgeability sound. No ring of cymbals, no twang of guitar, and definitely no falsetto. In fact, you get the feeling that Gerard's head would explode if he even thought about singing in falsetto. The sound is all down at the bottom with the creepy, crawly mutant things—in the sludge.

Sludgeability got its start back in 1981 when the duo's previous band, the Halftones, broke up. "Our singer quit because we didn't have a synthesizer in the band," says Dewald. Undaunted, they decided to continue as a two-piece.

Montreal has never been known as a stronghold of local underground music. Most Montrealers seem content to hit the dance clubs and catch the occasional touring band. Faced with this indifference, Deja Voodoo decided to play as often as possible. "A lot of local bands in Montreal play every six months or so, hoping to make each gig a big deal. They figure if they do that they'll get a big audience, because people would go 'cause everybody's going,'" explains Dewald. "We decided we'd rather play for fifty people every three weeks."

The band's tenacity paid off, and by 1982 they had their first record, a 7" single featuring the aforementioned "Monsters in My Garage." The

Gladys' "The Snack Bar"

Take Out Available 2137 W. 4th Ave. 738-0828

ALL DAY BREAKFAST

Mon-Fri
from 6 a.m.



Sat & Sun
7:30 a.m.-
5 p.m.

Offer valid with presentation of this coupon
Expires Nov. 30, 1984

NIGHTLY DINNER

Mon-Fri
6-7:30 p.m.



"Home
Cooked
Meals"

Offer valid with presentation of this coupon
Expires Nov. 30, 1984

LISTEN TO THUNDERBIRD
SPORTS BROADCASTS ON CITR
AND WIN PRIZES FROM

ROOSTER'S QUARTERS



"Montreal
Style"

B.B.Q. CHICKEN

836 DENMAN ST.
VANCOUVER, B.C.



Student Union Building U.B.C.
Tel. 222-3511



WILD WOMEN'S WEDNESDAYS
8-10 p.m.

CONFETTI 1255 W. PENDER ST. 681-5201 (INFO)

FOR YOUR PARTY
CALL

CITR

MOBILE SOUND

228-3017

More Deja Voodoo

record was recorded in an empty club and, despite the genuine lo-fi sound, was a local success.

Encouraged by their initial success, Dewald and Van Herk formed their own label, OG Records. Initially intended as a vehicle for releasing their *Gumbo* cassette, OG has since blossomed, releasing *Deja Voodoo's* LP *Cemetery* as well as music by fellow Montrealers, *Condition*, *Terminal Sunglasses*, *American Devices* and the *Asexuals*. The Montreal underground music scene, at one time almost non-existent, has grown



Ian Warren

with the success of OG records.

"Deja Voodoo records are still the only things that make any money," says Dewald, "but on the whole, the label breaks just about even."

"The whole point of OG isn't to make money anyways," insists Van Herk. "We just want to make the Montreal underground a bigger underground."

They have succeeded in doing that. OG has spawned imitators and at long last we are hearing some local, original music from Canada's second largest city. *Deja Voodoo* have also been instrumental in getting that music to the rest of the country. While this is their first visit to Vancouver they have crossed the country to Calgary twice before.

Their mission to Vancouver can be judged a great success. They played to enthusiastic audiences for three nights at the Savoy. "We were kinda surprised," Van Herk admits, "because Vancouver is the one place in Canada we've had trouble getting records to. We ran into the problem that nobody would give us dates until the record was available here, and nobody would book us if the record wasn't being distributed here. I guess this trip solves that problem."

So, their mission accomplished, the two who are *Deja Voodoo* have returned to their home town, with stops along the way. The '59 pink and white Edsel wheezes through it's cracked manifold under the burden of more stolen songs and styles. Maybe they've taken something from Vancouver, maybe not.

In any case, *Deja Voodoo* are gone. But they'll be back, with more *Sludgeabilly*.

Lock up your songs.

Gladys'
"The Snack Bar"

Take Out Available 2137 W. 4th Ave. 738-0828

AT NIGHT

Tue & Wed
9 p.m.-
3 a.m.



Thur-Sat
10 p.m.-
4 a.m.

Closed Sun & Mon Nights

Offer valid on any Sandwich or Burger with
presentation of this coupon [at night only]

Expires Nov. 30, 1984

BLACK
MARKET &
† THE WEB †
RESURRECTED

AT

841 GRANVILLE

ph. 687-8207

669-4238

Dean Pelkey sharpens his claws on...



Bill Jans

THE CURE

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LOVECATS Part I

The Cure are doing an autograph session at Odyssey Records at 4:00, you can talk to them when they finish," I was told. That sounded easy enough. There'll probably be about 20 to 50 people there for autographs and I should be able to have a long chat with Smith, Tolhurst and co. afterwards. That was my first wrong assumption of the day. I arrive at Odyssey and am greeted by a line of over 200 people, mostly young girls, all waiting for a glimpse of The Cure. Do they know something I don't? Is this the beginning of Curemania?

Inside the store everyone is tense. The Cure aren't here. A reliable source informs me that their plane is two hours late. Seems that they were flying into Vancouver from Japan via Los Angeles. Oh well, nothing to do but wait and watch the crowd grow surly.

By 5:30 what was an orderly line has now become an impatient mass halfway into the store. I feel like leaving but I decide to stay, wondering if I might get a story when this unruly mob of Cure groupies have had enough and decide to trash the store. All is saved however, by the eventual appearance of Robert Smith and Laurence Tolhurst at 5:53. They are instantly mobbed, besieged for autographs, presented with banners, stuffed toys, and smothered in kisses. Serious journalism and common sense dictate that I stay far away. After watching the spectacle for several minutes I decide that a wiser idea would be to retreat and attempt an interview after the show. Slipping out the back way I find more fans waiting, they've cased the joint well, and it makes me wonder if the boys in Duran Duran had not better start worrying a bit.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LOVECATS Part II

Asweaty Commodore crowd has just departed, burly men are wheeling equipment around, and after much begging and patient waiting I'm ushered into the presence of Laurence Tolhurst. Looking a bit tired, he nevertheless is prepared to play genial host with a cigarette in one hand and a glass of scotch in the other (the English gentleman as rock star?).

Right away it's obvious that Tolhurst wants to talk, barely giving me

time to get my tape rolling. Apologies are made for the shortness and raggedness of the set. Apparently the original drummer on the tour had been called back to England under mysterious circumstances and the replacement, Vince Ely, formerly with the Psychedelic Furs, had only about 6 hours of practice with the band. Although the present show the band is doing usually works better in a theatre type of setting, the club-like setting of the Commodore helped cover up the rough edges of the band, who in turn treated Vancouver to some "rockier" versions of certain songs.

Tolhurst comes across as a very earnest fellow who really has no pretensions about what he's doing. Having grown up just south of London in a middle class family, he left college after three years because "I'd rather do something I can do," and formed The Cure with long time school friend, Robert Smith.

Although Smith is usually seen as being The Cure by himself, Tolhurst plays an equal part in the band.

"The thing about it is, The Cure's myself and Robert, but the nature of most people's idea of a group is one central figure of three. But when we first started we said that to each other, one person's got to go for that. We won't sort of worry about different roles and things, like you're the guitarist and I'm the drummer and you can't do anything else. We'll swap them around so it's interesting. We're very similar people, it's like a sort of jigsaw. When we're in the studio we have similar ideas but some things he can do I can't and some things he can't do I can, so it's like a perfect kind of duet. There's an equal contribution but I leave the final decision to him. Say I write some lyrics and we put them all together—he has to be happy to sing them because you can't sing something you don't believe in. Also, you can't sing certain words."

Tolhurst gives one the impression that neither Smith nor himself are really concerned with who does what on a song. They work towards a guitar line or a title (as in "A Forest") and draw from "loads of words in patches and for one song often have about ten different sheets of words, some of mine, some of his, and take little bits out." The emphasis is on the atmosphere, idea, and execution of things. In his case it appears that a Cure song is more than merely the sum of all its parts.

The band itself has gone through a series of strange musical and

stylistic permutations. Tolhurst describes their early attitude as "pretentious" with the name The Cure being chosen to evoke images of a musical cure to what they perceived to be musical rubbish. Starting off as a pop band with *Boys Don't Cry*; by the time *Pornography* (their fourth album) was issued they were working in a musical vein described alternately as somber and dense or dirge-like funeral songs.

This, it seems, was the result of a number of factors coming into play over time, both personal and personnel-wise. During the recording of *Faith* Smith and Tolhurst each experienced personal losses what with Smith's grandmother and Tolhurst's mother both dying. As a result, what had been intended as more of an "up" album subsequently became more subdued. This feeling carried over and spilled out again in the making of *Pornography*.

"That was because at the time with the people involved, it was a very, very intense personal relationship between the three of us that made an album like that. That it had to be that hard, because it was very much a fire and water thing with the band. It was very intense at that time. The album had to reflect what we were like." Tolhurst sighs and drags on his cigarette, reflecting on those days. "The music came from the feeling between us and it was quite hard. We stopped then considering ourselves as a band for a while because it became so mentally crazy, a lot of it. I mean, like all our records are always like a diary almost of what's happening to us at the time."

During the tour in support of *Pornography* the band became fed up with being on the road and to a certain extent, with each other. At the end of the tour it was agreed that a holiday of sorts was needed.

"I think a lot of bands are very stupid to be quite honest, because how otherwise can you tolerate something which becomes like, a complete manual grind kind of existence? You know, you play for months on end, the same songs, the same people, the same thing, and then when you stop that you've got to make a record of the same thing and do it all again."

Diversification became the order of the day. Tolhurst decided to step behind the controls of a studio, producing the band Also the Trees and Baroque Bordello from France. Robert Smith on the other hand, remained more in the light, working on The Glove with Steve Severin and filling in on guitar with Siouxsie and the Banshees. He appears on their live album and *Hyena*.

Through all this Tolhurst and Smith remained in contact and began to release a series of Cure singles starting with "Let's Go To Bed," which

"I suppose we like to confuse people..."

began a virtual renaissance for the band. The fact that they had worked on other projects kept their interest going and when they were ready to resume the identity of The Cure it was with an excitement and feeling of newness that Tolhurst describes as being similar to when they first started.

And though at the present Smith has left the Banshees to devote his energy to The Cure, this, cautions Tolhurst, doesn't mean they won't continue to pursue outside interests. He adds that he recently had a phone call from Baroque Bordello and will be producing a new single for them shortly. As well, he's of the opinion that The Glove may have a new project in the works. These outside projects he insists, are half the reason why The Cure are still around after six years. "For us, we're in the group to enjoy ourselves but we do other things outside the group and that keeps it all interesting."

One of the more obvious products of the new found excitement of Smith and Tolhurst for The Cure was "Lovecats." It was the first single recorded by the band outside of London, in Paris to be exact, and found the band quite cheerful and toying with what appeared to be jazz influences. Tolhurst agrees and smiles at the reference to jazz but calls it "fake jazz." The song was done in a studio with a lot of people amidst a party atmosphere and the revelation that it, and the accompanying video, were partially inspired by the Disney movie *The Aristocats* draws a delighted response from the crowd gathered in the room. Following up on the idea that the band's records are a diary of what is happening to them it must be safe to say that they enjoyed their stay in Paris. Tolhurst sips his scotch and nods knowingly.

This brings us to *The Top*, an album recorded after a two-year layoff. It has some of the openness of "Lovecats" yet also contains darker, brooding songs such as "Shake Dog Shake." Although Tolhurst claims that the band has been a lot happier in the last year, "with *The Top* it was like, 50-50, you know, there were some days when we did things where they felt very sad and very sort of claustrophobic, and then some

days it was like happy and up. So that accounts for the variation. Purely that reason, really, because we had that period for two years since *Pornography* where we'd only put out singles. We'd put them out expressly for that reason, just to sort of experiment and try and see if people would believe it was us. I suppose we like to confuse people really, we're a bit mischievous."

"I find it a bit fruitless for a band to preach politically when a band is never going to change the world basically, ever. An old actor might change things a bit but I can't see the day, I may be talking rubbish, but generally music doesn't change the political attitudes of the world. It might change young people's ideas about things a little bit and make people think about things more, but in general it doesn't. I think the way



Bill Jans

to change things for us, is more a sort of personal politics you know, like your relationship with everybody." This attitude is best summed up with the expression "each man is an island," and Tolhurst sees The Cure as attempting to build bridges between the islands. Although they have touched on subjects such as the obscenity of war in songs such as "100 Years" on *Pornography*, The Cure generally try to stay away from blatant sloganeering. Jello Biafra may disagree with this approach but Tolhurst says, "We can only express what we feel ourselves. I find it bad that people talk about something they aren't really involved in."

Tolhurst goes on to tell about working in Crass' studio where he was basically the antithesis of all that Crass stands for. And while he does admire a lot of things they've done, he finds "a lot of it too naive and too simple. This is black and this is white and there's nothing in-between. Maybe we work in that area that's in-between—which is where most people are I suppose." Aha, here perhaps lay some of the basic roots of the Curemania observed outside the record store; appeal to the middle classes, the people in-between. When this is put to Tolhurst he dismisses it and attributes their new-found popularity to more people having simply heard "Let's Go To Bed" and "Lovecats." Famous people now, I guess.

So what does the future hold for The Cure? Well, to start off with they have another month in North America before heading back to England for a two month vacation. Remember, this tour started in Europe back in April and has literally taken them around the world. After that it's off to Germany to start work on a new album, and the name Conny Plank gets thrown about. Does this mean more experimentation? Attempts to confuse the audience further? A go at stirring things up? Visions of a teutonic sounding Cure buried in synthesizers come to mind. Tolhurst shrugs, finishes his scotch, and flashes one of those mischievous smiles. Lovecats or Cheshire cats? Can these guys be trusted? Who knows—perhaps the answer will be in their next vinyl diary.

—Dean Pelkey

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CTR fm 102
CABLE 100

REGULAR PROGRAMS

African Show (Wednesday 9:30 pm-12 am)

A program featuring African music and culture. Every week, with news, current events and local African music events.

Fast Forward (Sunday 9:30 pm-1 am)

The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant garde stuff. Actually, this program is yet another alternative to CTR's general "alternative" sound. Keep abreast of independent cassette releases around the world, as well as listening for rare live recordings or more well known non-mainstream artists.

Folk International (Saturday 10 am-12 noon)

Folk music from around the world. Tune in on the first and last Saturday of each month for traditional Canadian folk music, and on the Saturdays in between for Indian music.

Final Vinyl (Nightly at 11 pm)

Albums played in their entirety. Refer to the final vinyl listing in this section for a more detailed explanation.

Generic Review

(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm. Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)

A critique of local entertainment, theatrical events, movies, and exhibits.

High Profile

(Monday through Saturday at 8 pm)

Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

Insight (Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)

An editorial comment on current issues open to the community. If you have something to say, call 228-3017, ask for Doug Richards.

Jazz Show (Monday 9:30 pm-1 am)

An evening of varied traditional and avant garde jazz on one of Vancouver's longest running all-jazz programs. Now that C-JAZ has become "FM97" this is one of the only places you can hear jazz on the radio before midnight. Hosted each week by Gavin Walker or Bob Kerr.

Mel Brewer Presents (Thursday 11 pm)

A program featuring exclusively the newest and best in local talent with new demo tapes, live interviews with groups and local music figures, debuts of new released and lotsa hot juicy gossip.

The Mid-show (Wednesday Midnight-1 am)

The Mid-Show presents a diverse and sound fluid mesh, from candy to explicit, engineering a release ghetto. Directed by the magnetic loneliness of audio art, video art, poetry, prose and indigenous music, the movie soundtracks, young and old pop and rock, foreign lingo hits and country jostle about looking for conversation. Listen in and get a piece of the action. Hosted by Jon Anderson.

Music Of Our Time (Sunday 8 am-12 pm)

Music of the 20th century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson, Jay Leslie and Sandra Thacker.

News and Sports (Weekdays)

Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon

Playlist Show (Saturday 3 pm-6 pm)

The countdown of CTR's weekly top 40 singles and albums, featuring new additions to the Playlist. Listen for Michael Shea.

Proper Gander

(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)

Everything but a well-dressed goose.

Public Affairs (Weekdays 9 am)

Current events and issues around Vancouver, as well as in depth coverage of social problems, political events and public figures.

Rockers (Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)

The latest and best in toasting, rockers, dub and straight forward reggae. Hosted by George Barrett.

Saturday and Sunday Magazine

(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)

Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

Sunday Night Live (Sunday 8 pm)

Rare live recordings of noted local and international artists.

Voice of Freedom (Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)

Satirical broadcast from a mythical radio station on a secluded American military base (Diego Garcia) where all the records are twelve years out of date.

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CTR fm 102
CABLE 100

CITR 102 FM 100 cable	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
8 :00	MUSIC OF OUR TIME	WAKE UP	REPORT	WITH	NEWS,	SPORTS AND	WEATHER
:35		GENERIC REVIEW			GENERIC REVIEW		
9 :00		PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS			PUBLIC AFFAIRS	
:43		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL					
10 :00		MORNING	REPORT	WITH	NEWS,	SPORTS AND	WEATHER
11 :00 am							FOLK INTER— NATIONAL
NOON	NEWS SUNDAY BRUNCH						NEWS
1 :00 pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	LUNCH	REPORT	WITH	NEWS,	SPORTS AND	WEATHER
2 :00							
3 :00	THE SUNDAY AFTER NOON SHOW	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	THE PLAYLIST SHOW
:30							
4 :00		SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	
:30							
5 :00		GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
:35							
6 :00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE	DINNER	REPORT	WITH	NEWS,	SPORTS AND	WEATHER
:13	VOICE OF FREEDOM	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL					
:30							PROPER GANDER
8 :00	SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE
9 :00	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW		AFRICAN SHOW			
10 :00							
11 :00 pm	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	MELBREWER PRESENTS	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL
MID NIGHT	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW		THE MID SHOW			
1 :00							
2 :00							
3 :00 am							

CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM from 7:30 AM to 4:00 AM

CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM from 7:30 AM to 4:00 AM

CITR TOP 20 SINGLES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 MALCOLM McLAREN	Madame Butterfly	VIRGIN/POLYGRAM
2 HUNTERS & COLLECTORS	Follow Me No More	EPIC (UK)
3 JERRY JERRY	Baby's On Fire/ Gospel Surfer	**DEMO**
4 THE SMITHS	How Soon Is Now/William..	ROUGH TRADE (UK)
5 POISONED	Yellow Pages/Grey Area	POISONED
6 ASSOCIATES	Schampout	WEA (UK)
7 BILL OF RIGHTS	Blind Society/The Core	BORE
8 ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER	Radio Rap	CHERRY RED (UK)
9 IGGY POP	Repo Man	MCA (US)
10 NOMENASNO	Self-Pity	**DEMO**
11 JAH WOBBLE	Voodoo	LAGO (FR)
12 WORK PARTY	Work Song/Come On Over	MO DA MU
13 JOHN CALE	Ooh La La	ZE (UK)
14 TUXEDOMOON	Soma	JOEBOY (BLG)
15 JOHNATHAN RICHMAN	The Tag Game	ROUGH TRADE (UK)
16 MIKE CLUB	Slippin' Out	**DEMO**
17 TIM RAY A/V	Mondo Caine	**DEMO**
18 RED SHIFT	Underflesh	PSYCHE INDUSTRY
19 XTC	All You Pretty Girls	VIRGIN/POLYGRAM
20 GILL SCOTT-HERON	Re-Ron	ARISTA/POLYGRAM

MOBILE SOUND
228-3017

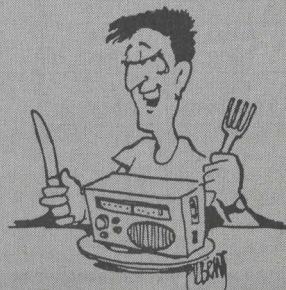
CITR TOP 20 ALBUMS

	Cover	LABEL
1 TOM VERLAINE		VIRGIN/WB
2 FORGOTTEN REBELS	This Ain't Hollywood	STAR
3 PALAIS SCHAUMBURG	Parlez-Vous Schaumburg?	PHONOGRAM (BRD)
4 M.I.A.	Murder In A Foreign Place	ALT. TENT. (US)
5 DEL FUEGOS	The Longest Day	SLASH (US)
6 RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS	Red Hot Chili Peppers	EMI/ENIGMA (US)
7 SKATALITES	Return Of The Big Guns	ISLAND (UK)
8 MINUTEMEN	Double Nickels..	SST (US)
9 SUMMERS/FRIPP	Bewitched	A & M
10 SACRED COWBOYS	Sacred Cowboys	FRINGE PRODUCT
11 ROBYN HITCHCOCK	I Often Dream Of Trains	MIDNIGHT MUSIC (UK)
12 LET'S ACTIVE	Cypress	IRS (US)
13 K.D. LANG	A Truly Western Experience	BUMSTEAD
14 CRAZY 8'S	Law & Order	REDRUM
15 THE CULT	Dreamtime	VERTIGO/POLYGRAM
16 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Repo Man Soundtrack	MCA (US)
17 BUNNYDRUMS	On The Surface	RED (US)
18 400 BLOWS	"..If I Kissed Her.."	ILLUMINATED (UK)
19 TOM ROBINSON	Hope & Glory	CASTAWAY/CA (UK)
20 CARMEL	The Drum Is Everything	LONDON/POLYGRAM

Request Line
228-CITR

ALSO RECEIVING AIRPLAY

THE GO-BETWEENS	Spring Hill Fair	LP
FLIPPER		LP
SALEM 66	Gone Fishin'	LP
RICHARD THOMPSON	Small Town Romance	LP
LONG RYDERS	Native Sons	LP
RED ROCKERS	Schizophrenia Circus	LP
HOODOO GURUS	Stoneage Romeos	LP
AZTEC CAMERA	Knife	LP
DEVO	Shout	LP
THIS MORTAL COIL	It'll End In Tears	
RUN DMC		LP
BEVERLY SISTERS		EP
BEAT PAGODAS		EP
FRONT 242		EP
BLOW MONKEYS		12"
CONSPIRACY	Atomic Lullaby	
INTERNATIONAL CHAKK	Hammer House	12"
MICHEL LEMIEUX	Out Of The Flesh	12"
ASIYAH	Romantic Complications	7"
PETER ARCHER	How Could I Forget	**CASSETTE**
	TV Child	**CASSETTE**



NOVEMBER HI PROFILES

High Profiles are 45 minute documentary style music specials, encompassing individual bands, musical movements and styles and scenes around the world. High Profiles include biographical material, histories, discographies and a good sampling of music. High Profile can be heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 8:00.

Thur	1	The Collectors
Fri	2	The Wide World of Chrissie Hyndes Bed Mates
Sat	3	Tom Waits
Mon	5	Chairmen of the Board
Tues	6	Fastbacks
Wed	7	"Arts Underground"
Thur	8	No High Profile
Fri	9	No High Profile
Sat	10	Eyeless in Gaza
Mon	12	No High Profile
Tues	13	Charged G.B.H.
Wed	14	Guilty Pleasures II
Thur	15	Sparks
Fri	16	Men Who Gargle Drano
Sat	17	Mark Perry and TV Personalities
Mon	19	Professor Longhair
Tues	20	The Boston Music Scene
Wed	21	Bob Calvert
Thur	22	ADX (a.k.a. The Addicts)
Fri	23	No High Profile
Sat	24	Echo and the Bunnymen Rarities
Mon	26	Confederate Pop
Tues	27	3½ Hour Special on the Velvet Underground (begins 6 p.m.)
Wed	28	Coitus Musicus
Thurs	29	Twin Tone Records
Fri	30	No High Profile

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

SUNDAYS

8 AM till NOON

NOVEMBER SHOWS

November 4	George Rochberg: String Quartet No. 3 Bela Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra PACIFIC CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FESTIVAL RECORDINGS (Steve Chatman)
November 11	Rochberg: String Quartet No. 4 Benjamin Britten: War Requiem Gerald Finzi: Lo, the Full Final Sacrifice John Paynter: The Rose Leonard Bernstein: Halil
November 18	Rochberg: String Quartet No. 5 John Cage: 30 Pieces for String Quartet Penderecki: De Natura Sonoris KRONOS QUARTET PREVIEW: Ruth Crawford Seeger: String Quartet Benson: Dream Net Rudhiar: Advent; Crisis and Overcoming
November 25	Rochberg: String Quartet No. 6 CANCON SPECIAL with guest Colin Miles of the Canadian Music Centre, featuring recordings on the Centredisc label.

Hosted by: Jay Leslie, Ken Jackson And Sandra Thacker

THUNDERBIRD SPORTS

Schedule for Live Sports Coverage

Nov.	Time	Sport
Nov. 3	1:00 pm	Football (Montana Tech.)
Nov. 8	8:00 pm	Basketball (S.F.U.)
Nov. 9	8:30 pm	Basketball (S.F.U.)
Nov. 12	8:00 pm	Basketball (S.F.U.)
Nov. 23	7:15 pm	Hockey (Alberta)
Nov. 30	7:15 pm	Hockey (Lethbridge)

From Thunderbird Stadium, **Monte Stewart** has play by play and **Mike Perley** brings colour and insight. Catch our final 1984 broadcast of the football T-Birds. First basketball broadcast of the season, **Doug Richards** provides play by play and **Monte Stewart** has colour. Catch our action from atop S.F.U. Again, this one is against our most hated rival, those bums from the hill. This time, from our turf here at U.B.C.

In case they haven't had enough we will broadcast yet another slaughter of those cagers from S.F.U.

IF YOU WANT TO WORK FOR CTR SPORTS, CONTACT
MIKE PERLEY OR MONTE STEWART, 228-3017



Membership Application

NAME: _____

AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTAL CODE: _____

PHONE: _____

ARE YOU A UBC STUDENT? Y N

UBC STUDENT NO. _____

INTERESTED IN PROGRAMMING? _____

6138 SUB BOULEVARD VANCOUVER, B.C. V6T 2A5 228-3017

Demo Derby

First off, this month in Demo Derby, another apology: this time to **Corsage**. "Season of the Witch," a song reviewed in this column last month, is not an original, it is a live recording of the old Donovan classic.

Second, a bit of news: **Unovis**, another band reviewed last month has just changed their name to the **Jet-sonz**. Those two things out of the way, on to the world of the good, the bad, and the truly awful.

This is not a pop song: 4 tapes reached us this month that sound kind of like one of those demonstration tapes made by Yamaha or Korg synthesizers, showing the "broad range of sounds available on the palette of today's aural sculptor." Lots of know twiddling, with a number of interesting sounds coming out, but no real music (or aural sculptures). "Too Bad" by **Peter Hurst**, along with "No Escape" and "River at Doom," both by **Christopher Ross** fall into this category. "Under Flesh," by Montreal's **Red Shift** is pretty much the same, except there is an electro-dance beat added. "Amazon Grace," an instrumental by **Michael Barabas**, on the other hand, has a catchy rhythmic feel and a great Beleville guitar part.

Trevor Jones has a new demo tape, under the name the **White Orpheus Project**. For those of you familiar with the guy's music, this is pretty much the same as his other solo material, with a heavier emphasis on rhythm. Can blue men sing the whites?

Live, **Michael Lemieux** is supposed to be a great multi-media performer. Not having seen him live, I have no extra experiences to help fill in the gaps found in his song "Romantic Complications." The song alternates between a neat T-Rex like chorus, and one of those French-Canadian disco-beat songs that everyone used to hate so much.

A few months back, **Peter Archer** had a really cool demo tape, consisting of a rhythm track with spoken word excerpts from the film "Blade Runner" dubbed onto it. His new song, "TV. Child" is very different: very laid back with a kind of blues riff in the background, and lyrics about the new generation brought up on Hill Street Blues. I'd rather have a T.V. Party anytime.

If you didn't grow up in the prairies during the "golden age of Rock 'n' Roll," **Herald Nix** is the next best thing. This band has the most authentic (whatever that means) rockabilly sounds Vancouver has ever known. Offered to us this month is a new ballad "The Fugitive Kind," a beautiful countryish number that will stick in your mind if you're at all mushy.

Montreal's **Disappointed New People** must be getting sick of this comparison, but gosh, do they ever sound like Joy Division. If Ian Curtis hadn't been so depressed, he would have written "Fuck With Christ." ("WHEN you fuck with Christ, whoa whoa, you're on your own.") This is a fantastic song!!

Also from Montreal comes the **Asexuals**, with "Stand Up." This band must be great live. The song writing itself is a bit standard, but there's lots of energy, guitar and drums much like the Alarm with electric guitar. "Stand Up" also sounds very much like Stiff Little Fingers' last decent single, "Talk Back." The Asexuals compare weakly with Stiff Little Fingers or the Alarm, but still okay guitar pop.

Monuments Galore, from Winnipeg, suffer from the same problem as do the Asexuals: lots of energy, but still weak songwriting and derivative style. "Young Girl Generation" builds into a mod pop tune, with harmonies and guitar riff sounding a lot like early Jam.

—Big Dummy

CAMOSUN AQUARIA

We are knowledgeable in

the selection



care



handling

feeding



housing



& breeding



of birds



reptiles



small animals



and fish



with

over 150 species in stock

CAMOSUN AQUARIA

3180 CAMBIE STREET (at 16th)

VANCOUVER, B.C. V5Z 2W2

SILVIA LUSCHER CALL 879-5833

MacLeod's

ART
LITERATURE

HISTORY
CANADIANA

USED & OLD
BOOKS
BOUGHT & SOLD

455 WEST PENDER
VANCOUVER
PHONE 681-7654

LOOK IN

GOLDEN ERA

LOOK OUT

UNIQUE BOUTIQUE

56 A POWELL

VINYL VERDICT

Talking Heads Stop Making Sense

Why *Stop Making Sense*? Why a Tour? Why a Movie? Why do the musicians come out gradually? What will the band do next? Where do the Movements come from? Are live concerts better or worse than records? Why no special effects in the movie? Why a booklet? Why a big suit? Why was a digital system used for the sound? The Talking Heads' new album *Stop Making Sense* asks all these questions and, if one listens closely, answers them all—very positively.

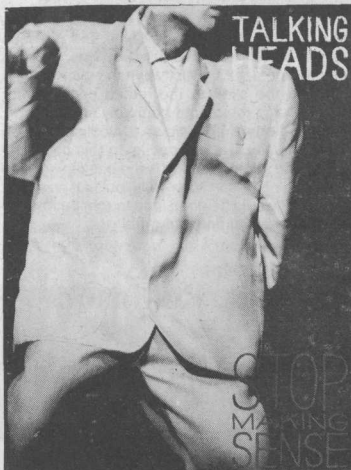
This album is neither here nor there. It is not truly from the studio nor is it truly live. But taken as a whole there is no ambiguity. This is a good album which, for the first time, reveals the talents of the band as both musicians AND performers. The LP is a document of their last tour which included a wonderful show here in Vancouver. It is also the soundtrack to a film of that tour. Attendees will recall that this show finally revealed a side of David Byrne which had remained hidden—that of actor and showman. Byrne's stage person had, to some, seemed "weird" and to me had an air of fake spontaneity about it. Byrne, I thought, programmed his stage movements and vocal inflections yet, he was barely touching his full potential. He has now extended his choreography to the extent that we all know it's a show rather than Byrne being Weird. He has crafted a stage show which compliments the Talking Heads new music and line-up to very good effect. It has resulted in their most visually and musically exciting shows since they were the naive group of 1976.

Stop Making Sense is a reprise of *Speaking In Tongues* plus some old stand-bys. And it is generally good, firstly because the songs have more punch due to their live recording and secondly due to the sound—the LP was recorded digitally on 24 tracks with extensive studio overdubs. We get the energy live with the polish of the studio. Musically this has seen the large band of nine members gel and develop some guts. The songs on *Stop Making Sense* are infused with a spark and buoyancy missing from their last set of LPs and live shows.

The cassette version is even more buoyant. It features extended versions of most songs and a very rich mix of "Slippery People"—the bass makes your tummy rumble. It is also mastered very well on a good quality tape. Well done! Both come with a nifty booklet explaining how Byrne put the show together and showing clips from the film.

Stop Making Sense—sure you have heard it all before—but here it is much much better. It's more lively, better recorded and just generally provides a better picture of the creativity and humour that the Talking Heads represent. Watch for the film in your neighbourhood.

—No. 1



U2

The Unforgettable Fire

The first time I really paid attention to U2 was the first time I saw them play live. It was early 1981. Their debut album *Boy* had just made it to North America, and raves were beginning to abound. The show was a "Cheap Thrills" presentation at the Commodore—less than the price of a movie—so I took a small chance and picked up a ticket. What ensued was a blazing fifty minutes of rock 'n roll so earnest, passionate and fun that, to this day, I still have to just scratch my head and admit unreserved awe. U2 were hot. They turned the old dancehall on its side; and what's more, they were young. Younger than me even. It was scary to think of what they might be up to five or so years down the line.

Well, now it's late 1984, three and a half years later, and unlike most of the other new bands that were worth getting excited about in 1981, U2 are still with us. They have a new album out, too, their fourth studio effort. It's called *The Unforgettable Fire*, and though it does represent a significant change, it's not a disappointment.

Gone is Steve Lillywhite (producer of the first three albums) and gone with him is the brash, high-end (can you say "youthful") edge that characterized the sound of those albums. In his place, U2 have enlisted Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois, arguable the world's foremost purveyors of ambient music. At first this strikes as an odd, even dangerous choice: *Take the bluster and the flash out of U2 and what's left but a gutless, empty-headed quartet far too concerned with their own hippy dippy spirituality to be worth listening to.*

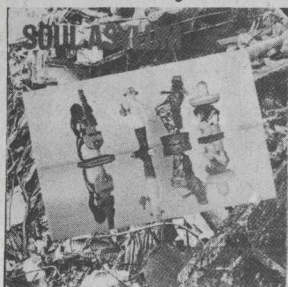
No so, thank God (?). From the first strains of "A Sort of Homecoming" it's apparent that whatever changes there may be, they serve an agreeable end. No, this isn't the sound that left everyone windburned three and a half years ago in the Commodore. That would be redundant. It's more subtle than that, more mature. The fire's burning as hot as it ever was. Now it's just covering more ground, and showing a few new colours.

To recommend stand-out cuts would be misleading, for *The Unforgettable Fire* functions best as a complete album. Every cut has its place, whether it be the ambient moodiness of "4th of July," the folk-inflected emotion of "Bad" or the triumphant pop of "Pride (in the name of Love)."

U2 had to change. Another album of Steve Lillywhite produced rockers along the lines of *War* would have sold lots of copies, but it wouldn't have allowed the band to grow. *The Unforgettable Fire* then is a positive move forward, and a very good album. U2's best since *Boy*. Maybe it's even better. Give me a few years to mull it over.

—Bill Mullian

Soul Asylum



Say What You Will... Everything Can Happen (Twin Tone US)

Question: What do Soul Asylum and Prince have in common? No Soul Asylum have not made a hit movie, but they do hail from Minneapolis, the city that Prince calls home. Big deal, right? Admittedly, such comparisons are hopelessly superficial, and ultimately meaningless, especially since Prince and Soul Asylum share little else. The key here is Minneapolis, a city whose biggest claims to fame, before Prince, were Mary Richards and Rhoda Morgenstern. These days Minneapolis has more to be smug about than just Prince. The city boasts a burgeoning underground music scene, the driving force of which is Twin Tone records, possibly the Midwest's most exciting independent label.

It's entirely possible that future audiophiles will speak in glowing terms of "the Twin Tone sound," a brash and unpretentious melding of various popular styles. Blues, rockability, soul, folk and hardcore all find an outlet in the music of such Twin Tone artists as The Suburbs, The Replacements, and of course, Soul Asylum. I don't want to give the impression that these records are strictly peas from the same pod, because each exhibits a different approach to the basic styles they explore.

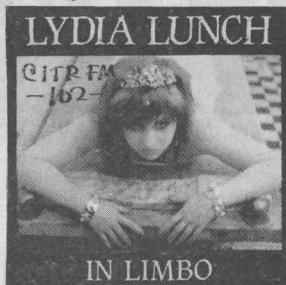
On *Say What You Will...* Soul Asylum do exhibit some strong influences indicative of the musical atmosphere from which the band emerged. We get much of the frenzied energy and power of their labelmates, the Replacements, but little of the humour and fun that make listening to the Replacements such an uplifting experience. This isn't really a happy record and it gets downright dark in some places, probably due, in no small part, to the input of Husker Du guitarist Bob Mould, the producer of the album. And yet, for all their obvious influences and stylistic divergence, Soul Asylum succeed in forging a unique sound, characterized by the raspy, sore throat vocals of Dave Priner, a man who sings remarkably like Roy Tyrer of the legendary MCS.

Undoubtedly, the success of the Soul Asylum sound lies in it's members' willingness and ability to stray from the path of hardcore, hyperthrash dogma. They can play it fast, they can play it slow and they don't mind mixing it up by digging into some of the roots of American music. They used to call themselves Loud Fast Rules, a name which left little room for manoeuvring in terms of music and attitude so it's no wonder that this quartet decided to change their name.

So what is Soul Asylum? Is it a place of refuge for lost soul or forgotten soul music? More likely, it's a state of mind where anger, unrest and

frustration can be exorcised through sheer force. Soul Asylum makes willful music and *Say What You Will...Everything Can Happen* is an intense, overpowering record. Hell, we need more power.
—Mikey Inmate

Lydia Lunch



In Limbo Rough Trade (UK)

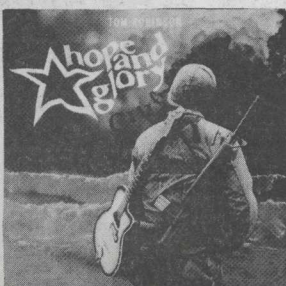
This dreary six-song 45 rpm record seems to be completely composed of a single sombre rhythm track encompassing minor variations from song to song, along with Lydia's vocals; which vary from moaning to screaming to moaning. Add some effects from *The Thrilling Chilling Sounds of the Haunted House* and you have your record. The playing is competent but uninspired.

Needless to say, this is boring. *In Limbo* has none of the obnoxiousness that have made past Lunch releases (especially *Teenage Jesus and the Jerks* and *13.13*) something to threaten naughty children with, and none of the salaciousness that appeals to sleazebags (perhaps Lydia was into her Grand Dame phase when this was put together). This record seems unduly influenced by Lydia's pal Nick Cave in his less manic moments, and includes ex-Birthday Party member Rowland Howard contributing a song.

That this record was held up for almost two years before getting itself mixed and released implies some sort of contractual obligation, which usually means the artist will hand over any old crap on the shelf to the record company for release, and the record company (in this case, *Hough Trade*) will package it nicely and push it on an unsuspecting public. In this case, the best thing about *In Limbo* is the packaging. The record is neither fish nor truly foul (if it was really awful it would be good for a laugh) but merely inconsequential flatulent piffle.

—Rob Simms

Tom Robinson



Hope and Glory

Dear Tom,

I picked up your new album, *Hope and Glory*, the other day. I almost missed it 'cause it looked a little too glossy. But when I saw the soldier on the front, I knew it was yours. The folding cover is a nice idea, and having the words written out adds something, but did you need to list every minute detail about every song?

Well, enough said about appearances. I have to admit I was disappointed to see "Atmospherics" and "Looking for a Bonfire" on this album. I already have them on your *North By Northwest* album and the old versions are better. Sounds like you're slowing down with age, buddy. And what happened to the sharp edge of your voice? You seem to be losing your accent. Not that it's bad or anything, but you had my attention more when your accent was stronger. Also, why did you record "Rikki Don't Lose That Number?" You didn't change it in any way, you copied it exactly. Are you trying to show your respect and admiration for the two guys that wrote it (Becker & Fagen), or were you just filling space?

Where were you when you wrote the music for these songs? In a lounge in Las Vegas? Sure sounds like it. And what about the words? I usually find some kind of message or idea in your songs. What's the meaning of "Blond and Blue?" Is there a meaning in "Blond and Blue?" And how about "Cabin Boy?" We all knew you were gay when you put out the hit "Glad to be Gay" in '77. If you're trying to reinforce that message with "Cabin Boy," it won't work. The song is too weak, and who cares anyway!

I'll have to admit, I like "War Babies" but it doesn't hold the album together. Personally, Tom, I don't think there's much *Hope and Glory* for this album. Better luck next time.

—Linda Scholten

Portion Control



Step Forward

For even the dedicated listener, "industrial" music presents certain problems—the biggest of which can be a reluctance to pass judgement hastily. Because the technology is constantly changing, bands who perform this type of music are always able to discover new and different sounds with which to assail their listeners. This tendency also enables certain bands to gain a following due only to this "difference" and not because of any particular talent. They are, in short, pulling a fast one.

Portion Control, regrettably, falls into this category. A series of early cassettes, singles and one or two cuts on various compilation albums led us to believe that this group ventured into some extremely innovative areas of electronic

music. Admittedly, the sound quality wasn't always good and this may have served to entice rather than scare off the interested listener. The arrival of their *Simulate Sensual* LP in 1983 presented a noisy, very rhythmical experimental analysis of Portion Control over a period of about 3 years. Even the live cuts on this record have a presence to them which is individual. One could not help feeling that despite the occasionally poor recording quality, Portion Control was definitely doing something worthwhile. I should say that this album remains one of my favourites for its raw, exciting flavour. If *Simulate Sensual* is Portion Control at their best, however, *Step Forward*, their newest release, is undeniably Portion Control at their worst.

Maybe the early noise and rhythm allowed them to get away with a lot of things which a clean, well-produced recording would not, or possibly the group has simply run out of ideas and refuses to die in much the same manner as New Order or similar bands subsist. In any event, *Step Forward* is simply a very boring, homogenized, disappointing, harmless and limp effort. If you like good industrial noise and are prepared to pay for it, buy *Simulate Sensual*; but don't waste your time or money on this one.

—Larry Thiessen

Plan 9



Dealing With the Dead

Once upon a time, a long time ago, before Bill the Cat or even the Ramones, there was something called psychedelia. It was a way of life, a way of dressing, thinking, and even (gasp) a way of making music. Everybody dug it, even the Beatles and the Stones weren't untouched by this strange musical form. However, after a while, it, like love beads and Timothy Leary, faded from the universal consciousness and was forgotten by everyone.

Well...almost everyone. From somewhere deep in the heartland of the U.S. of A. comes Plan 9 and their album *Dealing With the Dead*. This eight member band (drums, bass, keyboards, and lots of guitars) recreates that keen sixties psychedelic sound, complete with cheezy electric organ, jangling guitars and weird lyrics. Plan 9 doesn't stop there though, they've also made their music relevant to the eighties. For example the title track deals with the nuclear, fried to a crisp, evaporated, kind of dead that we've all come to know, love, respect, and blame on Reagan. Other notable songs on the album include "Step Out of Time," with its feeling of depth, and "Can't Have You" which has an authentic sixties sound to it.

The album also comes with one of the least likely "freebies" in the history of recorded music, a sixteen page comic book. This worthy episode by one R.K. Sloane, who also did the album's cover, is at such a level as to be beyond criticism...so I won't try.

Taken as a whole, complete with the comic book and the dayglow album cover, *Dealing With the Dead* is an effective updating of the psychedelic sound which could appeal not only to those who've worn the grooves off their Strawberry Alarm Clock albums, but also to those who're looking for something different to listen to.

—Pat Carroll

David Bowie



Tonight

Just over a year after the release of *Let's Dance*, David Bowie has seen fit to grace us with his presence again. *Tonight*, however, fails to live up to past or present expectations. Slick production does not hide the lack of energy and effort on this album, composed largely of poorly done covers. Bowie's taken a fine bunch of songs, set them to a lame reggae-like backbeat, crooned

a little and expected the world to do back flips. It's not going to happen.

Tonight's two most interesting tracks are its two new originals: "Blue Jean" and "Loving the Aliens." They are very different songs in both their lyrical and musical approach. "Blue Jean" seems clearly targeted for the commercial market, taking up the big beat sound of *Let's Dance*, albeit with a more languid pace. "Loving the Alien" takes sweet harmonies and symphonic strains to a point just short of Perry Como. Bowie's lyrics, dealing with extra-terrestrial redemption, raise the track above the maudlin.

The rest of the album is made up of covers of what we must assume are some of Davie's personal faves. With Brian Wilson's "God Only Knows" and Leiber/Stoller's "I Keep Forgettin'" Bowie faithfully captures the sixties big production sound. Neither song, however, managed to capture my attention. As on *Let's Dance* Bowie has pillaged the back catalogue of Iggy Pop, rounded off the rough edges, and eliminated all the rawness that made the songs great in the hands of the fig.

The album is rounded out by a pair of new Pop/Bowie collaborations. Sadly, both "Tumble and Twirl" and "Dancing with the Big Boys" sound like the dabbling of a rich and talented man.

And that's the problem. *Tonight* sounds like dabbling. Bowie seems to have left most of the album to the devices of producers Derek Bramble and High Padgham, resulting in a record devoid of innovation or imagination, covered up by pompous and overblown production.

One can only hope that Bowie's acceptance of his demi-god rock star status—as reflected by his pose on the cover of *Tonight*—is not permanent. I would like to think that Bowie is only dancing with the big boys, and has not yet joined their ranks.

—K. Hanni



Pete Moss and the Special Sauce

NOT YET AVAILABLE ON RECORDS OR TAPES ANYWHERE

BLACK SWAN RECORDS



Jazz, Rock, Import Rock, Folk, Blues and Used

2936 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6K 1R2, Phone 734-2828

HIGHLIFE RECORDS & MUSIC



'MUSIC FOR THE MODERN DANCE'

For the best in

REGGAE, ROCK, AFRICAN,
FUNK, WOMEN'S, FOLK,
NEW, USED, REQUESTS

INSTRUMENTS SOLD

251-6964 TUES.—SAT.

1317 COMMERCIAL DR. AT CHARLES

better used clothing & accessories



251-7390 1204 commercial drive



170 POWELL ST / VANCOUVER, CANADA / V6A 1G1 / (604) 669-9627

SHIN

This month's hack: CD

Yes, yes, yes, I know, it's about time that this rag came up with a way to deal with all those pesky pieces of vinyl that don't qualify as ALBUMS. Yes, I know that the single is the basis of all pop music. Yes, I know that the EP is once again part of the merchandising bag of tricks of major and independent record companies. Yes, I know it's presumptuous, even ridiculous to write a 2000 word essay on life, the universe, and the state of the hairdressing about a record that only has five, or worse, two songs on it. We're sorry we didn't do this sooner. No, we're not. No apologies. No quarter asked; none given, and all that crap. Out with the poison pen and on with the job at hand. Crank up the Ride of the Valkyries. I love the smell of vinyl in the morning. Death from Above AAAAARRRGGGHHH...

THE REPLACEMENTS - I Will Dare (Twin-Tone US 12")

After the eclecticism of last year's Hootnanny, who knew what to expect from the Replacements. Delta blues? Hawaiian nose-harp instruments? More Metal Machine Music?

The answer seems to be: none of the above. Mind you I haven't heard the rest of the album (entitled *Let It Be* [now that takes nerve]) so I could be wrong. This first offering, however, is no less a surprise. Minneapolis' favorite musical archivists go the pop route with *I Will Dare*, a compulsive, bouncy pop song. I'm not saying they've turned into the Bluebells or anything, but for a song called "I Will Dare" it sounds positively innocuous. Paul Westerburg's cracking vocals saves the whole thing from vapidly just in the nick of time.

The b-side is more characteristic of earlier work: a raw workout of T-Rex's "20th Century Boy" and a cracked version of that old chestnut "Hey Good Lookin'."

THE WORK PARTY - The Work Song/Come On Over (MoDaMu)

These guys used to be Junco Run? This is a MoDaMu release? Yes, on both counts. It seems the sun shines at MDM these days and all those folks who used to make serious, introspective records have learned to smile just a little bit.

Someone commented that, on first listen, this record sounds like Fleetwood Mac had defected and signed with MDM. I wouldn't go that far.

Both songs have a funky-folky sort of feel. And both songs deal with love (that's L-O-V-E, kids) and we all know that L-O-V-E songs walk a thin line between brilliance and banality. The Work Party's debut manages to walk that line half the time. "The Work Song" nicely plays off that old cliché of working for someone's affection against the conventional notion of tote that barge, lift that bale.

"Come on Over," on the other hand, falls flat.

All in all, not a bad start.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND

The legendary A&M sessions (A&M)

The initial recorded output from the Captain, re-released for your pleasure. It's a more conventionally bluesy Beefheart than the one that has been twisting people's perceptions of music since. But while the five tracks included (four Beefheart originals, and a cover of "Diddy Wah Diddy") may lack the fractured brilliance of *Trout Mask Replica*, or the mutant orchestration of some of his other work, they still have that soul, and that great, gruff voice. The original singles have been trading hands for around \$35 so this looks like a bargain, especially when it includes "Here I Am, I Always Am," a previously unreleased track that, more than the singles, is a harbinger of things to come.

JOHN CALE - Ooh La La Ze (UK)

Cale seems to be having a rough time lately. His last LP, *Caribbean Sunset*, was a letdown after the stark, often chilling, brilliance of *Music for a New Society*.

I could understand the man wanting to lighten up a little, but this senseless waste of vinyl is hardly the way to do it. Cale sounds more like Tim Curry (remember "Do the Rock") than Curry does. It's all there: the name dropping, the aging-lecher vocals, the pathetic attempts at reviving the burlesque as Cale ogles the tits on the girls at St. Tropez.

Some people shouldn't take holidays.

GLS

MALCOLM McCLAREN - Madame Butterfly (Virgin)

Malcolm merrily debases the world's music by adding the same old rhythm-machine tracks. Puccini's dead, he can roll over in his grave if he wants to; at least he doesn't have to listen to this. Never mind if it's in poor taste; it's just dull.

File next to 1001 Strings Do Themes from the Classics.

VARIOUS ARTISTS - Hollow Weiners

Who says all the fun has disappeared from the Vancouver "underground" music scene? "Hollow Weiners" is living evidence (are records alive?) that the silliness has not vanished. What is "Hollow Weiners" you ask? It is a 5-band, 5-song, seven-inch compilation record, featuring some of Vancouver's finest "real" and hard-partying fuck bands. It includes Tartan Haggis's "Loch Ness Monster" and The Scissors' terrifying tune, "The Underwear Wolf." This disc is going to chill your spine, curl your toes, and straighten your body hair, all at the same time. Bags of Dirt and Stab 'Em In The Abdomen contribute to the fun and screams and as an added bonus, this record contains the Enigma's "Monsters In The Basement," from their soon-to-be-released second record. Buy "Hollow Weiners" or be a bore!! Besides, how can you go wrong with the production from Baron von Obvious and the Underwear Wolf himself? The cover looks like a bad nightmare, the kind you get after eating all your Halloween goodies in one night. Really scary stuff, kids.

GIL SCOT-HERON - No Re-Ron (Arista)

Four years on, and GSH still hasn't learned to love the great communicator. This is a sequel to 1980's "B-Movie" and as much as I hate sequels, this one's worth looking into. "No Re-Ron" forsakes the cool, threatening jazz of "B-Movie" for the crunching sound of hip-hop as provided by, among others, Bill Laswell, Anton Fier, and Bernie Worrel. Similarly the analysis of the earlier work is replaced by some timely mud-slinging. This one should be on your turntable until November 6.

"Would we take Fritz with our grits?

Hell, we'd take Fritz the Cat

Would we take Jesse Jackson?

Hell, we'd take Michael Jackson."

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER - Radio Rap (Cherry Red UK)

ATS seems to have taken a liking to ranting with music. He originally performed alone, but now, after the minimum instrumentation of his album *Sawdust and Empire*, he's gone the full disco route; pumping bassline, keyboard flourishes, even back-up singers. And it works.

Radio Rap rants on about the pathetic state of Radio 1 in the UK. "What does this have to do with my life?" you ask. Absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact, if Attila thinks he's got it bad, someone should ship him over here for one of the fossils Led Zeppelin A to Z weekends.

Ungrateful bastard. Still, a good record.

STAPLE SINGERS - Slippery People (Profile US)

The Talking Heads have done a number of covers in the past—I never thought I'd see someone cover one of their songs. But the Staple Singers have gone ahead and done it. The result is alright, but nothing special. It's a fairly faithful rendition, which is the reason it doesn't succeed. Part of the charm of the original lay in the marked contrast between the quirkiness of David Byrne's voice and the soulfulness of the voices of the backup singers. That contrast is gone here (all of the Staple Singers can actually sing) and, sadly, so is the charm.

I'm looking forward to hearing Sister Sledge's version of "Burning Down the House."

STYLE COUNCIL - Shout It to the Top (Respond UK)

A vast improvement over the last single, if only because of the disappearance of the Cappuccino Kid, that nauseating, self-important little snot who wrote the liner notes to previous Style Council singles.

Seriously though, this record adds some punch to the Style Council sound, with some solar-plexus horns, Weller dropping the weak falsetto that made "You're the Best Thing" so irritating, and a lyric that seems to have to do with something other than Paulie's Phillie soul fantasies.

Nothing to write home about, but a step in the right direction.

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS???

WE'RE

Going Your Way! TRAVEL CUTS Christmas Charters

Vancouver-Toronto

Leaving Dec. 19, 20, 22, 23

Returning Dec. 29, Jan. 2, 3, 6

Vancouver-Ottawa

Leaving Dec. 22

Returning Jan. 6

Vancouver-Montreal

Leaving Dec. 23

Returning Jan. 6

Vancouver-Edmonton

Leaving Dec. 21

Returning Jan. 6

Vancouver-Saskatoon

Leaving Dec. 19

Returning Jan. 3

Vancouver-Winnipeg

Leaving Dec. 20

Returning Jan. 2

VANCOUVER (Return to:)

Toronto	\$369	Winnipeg	\$219
Edmonton	\$139	Ottawa	\$399
Saskatoon	\$159	Montreal	\$419



Going  TRAVEL
YourWay! CUTS

The travel company of CFS
TRAVEL CUTS VANCOUVER
UBC, Student Union Building
604 224-2344

Going  TRAVEL
YourWay! CUTS

The travel company of CFS
TRAVEL CUTS VANCOUVER
Granville Island
1516 Duranleau St
604 687-6033

The Roving Ear

...this month from Calgary

Talking with many of Calgary's original music bands, this fall seems to be a time of rest, recording and re-evaluation. The city's present oldest underground band—the **Ripchords** are taking a 2-7 month break to sit back and assess the sound. In the meantime they are putting the finishing touches on their joint recording project with **Big Dog**. The record should be released sometime this December.

The **Nex'd** feel that they've played their welcome "to the brim" for '84 and won't be making any live appearances until we're through this year. They have recently recorded another demo tape, this time with the help of the **Slip**, on their 8-track facilities at the **Music Connection**. The **Slip** themselves have been hard at work on new material and have had some good feedback on their latest demo including a visit from a T.O. record company rep (more than just a form letter response—eh?). Ex-**Will** guitarist Brent Cooper has formed a new psychedelic band—the **Crying Helicopters**—and is also involved with **Nex'd** bass player Kevin Kingston in a studio band entitled **Green Means Go**.

The **Golden Calgarians** have come out with yet another fun-filled, full album of music on the Rubber Records label. Our music director has dubbed **Savage Love** as the Spike Jones of heavy metal. I really hope they keep the drive alive to '88—our golden year. For your very own copy send 8 bones to Rubber Records, P.O. Box 4554, Edmonton, Alta., T6E 5G4. **Exhibit A** have lost their keyboardist but are still writing 'n rehearsing and will start live performances in December.

The **Now Feeling** have picked up ex-**Cecitefull Concubine** bassist Shawn Scott, bought a practice P.A. (serious-like), and are gigging regularly including recent stints at the **National** and **Ten Foot Henry's**.

Ex-**Riverbank Action** (yes, they broke up after their whirlwind West Coast tour) guitarist Bruce Callow has started up a new band, the **Patrons**, and they will have a single out this December.

Another new band made up of some University media types is **Notes From The Underground**. After finishing a 16-track recording they just have to figure out how to do it live.

Recent outta towners **45 Grave**, **Verbal Abuse**, and the **Dead Kennedys** brought Calgary's hard and fast out for warm ups. **Eye On You** have picked up **Personality Crisis'** drummer John Card and are holding out as our only playing punk band. **White Noise**, who are said to be Calgary's hardest core act, are riding on their reputation as their lead vocalist recovers from a double hernia (way to belt out those lyrics)—they should be back in time for the Christmas rush. Keeping tabs on this scene is a new photocopy rag—**Rip 'N Tear**. Speaking of mags, **Last Issues'** second buy for a buck edition is out and selling well. The new 32-page format is a good look and read at the Calgary Arts—pick up



Photo: Grant Burns

Montreal based primitive-urban-swingests Condition out back of Ten Foot Henry's in Calgary. Photo: G. Burns.

a copy in Vancouver at NEO-ART-ISM, MACLEOD BOOKS, or OCTOPUS BOOKS.

Venue-ways the **National Hotel** is still hiring local and out of town New Music acts and the university **Student's Union** has been extremely helpful this year in using local alternative acts for support and bringing in such bands as the **Beverly Sisters**, **Bolero Lava**, and **Rank & File**. **Ten Foot Henry's** is surviving despite the drought of local performing bands. Since the demise of H.C.'s, 10's remains as the only venue for new local bands and import acts such as **Deja Voodoo**, **Condition**, **Animal Slaves**, **Verbal Abuse**, and **De Dub Poets**. The club's manager, Richard McDowell, was pleased to announce recently that over half the monies collected in the past year were put back in the hands of the performers. (Not much of a profit margin for holiday in Cambodia, Dick!)

On a final note I would like to report that with 6" of snow on the ground and temperatures of -15° the **Ripchords** final step at **Henry's** last night was a vibrant heated success. **CJSW** is scheduled for city-wide broadcast this December and we hope that with the return of a few resting bands and the beginnings of some new ones we can continue to warm-up the otherwise frozen wasteland.

—Grant Burns
Station Manager, CJSW
Calgary

Advertise in DISCORDER 228-3017

WOMBAT!

WOW...

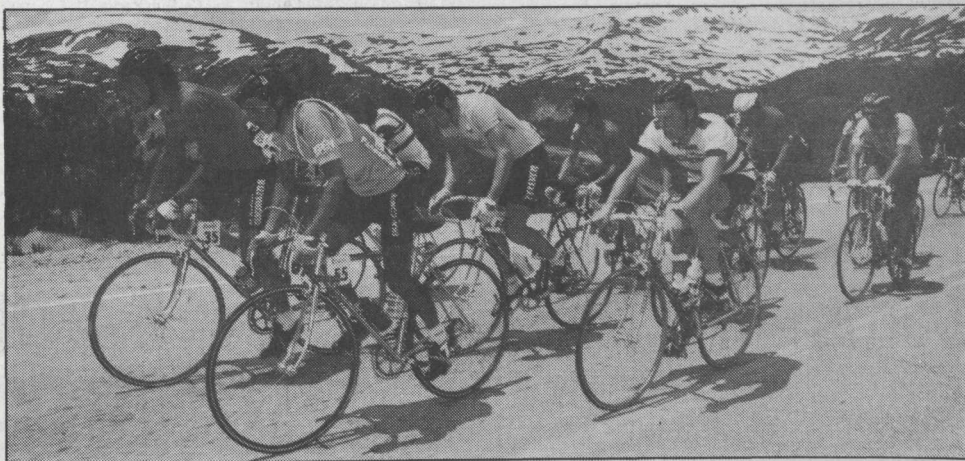
SO YOU'RE YIP.
IN A
BAND?

WHAT DO
YOU PLAY?

BLENDER!

WORLD-WIDE TOURING WORLD-CLASS RACING

On or Off Road



FOR AN INTERNATIONAL SELECTION OF FINE BICYCLES

WEST POINT CYCLES	BAYSHORE BICYCLES	BIKES ON BROADWAY
3771 W. 10TH AVE.	1876 W. GEORGIA	620 E. BROADWAY
224-3536	689-5071	874-8611

COLLECTORS R.P.M. LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN

COLLECTORS R.P.M. 3 LOCATIONS TO SERVE YOU COLLECTORS R.P.M.

456 SEYMOUR ST.

IGGY'S

4470 MAIN ST.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

1635 COMMERCIAL DR.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

685-8841

VANCOUVER, B.C.

876-8321

OUR DOWNTOWN LOCATION OPEN UNTIL 9 P.M. THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

AURALGASM
ADDICT?



ODYSSEY IMPORTS

866 GRANVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C. V6Z 1K3 • (604) 669-6644

RECORDS • POSTERS • T-SHIRTS • BOOKS • MEMORABILIA